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THE IRISH LAND BILL.

THE most essential feature, the keystone of the whole Bill, that the evicted tenant shall realize a sum of money for the simple reason that he is evicted, has received the sanction of an overwhelming majority of the House of Commons. Without this provision the Bill would have been wholly unmeaning, and we may be quite sure that, if the Bill passes at all, this provision will be found finally in it. But the mere recognition of this basis of the Bill, the mere up-rearing of what Mr. GLADSTONE termed a main pillar of the Bill, valuable as it is, will not make the Bill a good Bill. Everything depends on the theory on which this payment to the evicted tenant is to be made. There are two theories on which it may be supposed to be made, which are quite distinct and lead to quite different results. We regret to say that the Government has adopted what, in our opinion, is the wrong theory. These two theories may be respectively termed the political theory and the romantically just theory. The political theory, which we think is the right one, is this. The State finds the agriculture of Ireland in a condition of great confusion leading to two results which the State has a right to prevent—a waste of the national resources, and bitter feuds leading to constant lawless strife. It finds that this confusion arises from the fact that the soil of Ireland is held by a vast number of small occupants, who cannot be got rid of, and yet are just so far liable to be got rid of that they cannot farm properly. If these poor people could farm with the security and zeal of peasant proprietors, the State need not interfere; as also it need not interfere if the landlord could get rid of them. The law says he may, but in point of fact he does not and cannot. The State may therefore step in to cut the knot, as it has stepped in at other periods and in other countries. As the small holders are going to be continued, the only thing is to give them the feeling of security. The best way to do this seems to be to give the tenant a large bonus if he is turned out—enough to make it very unlikely that he will be turned out, and to assure him that if he is turned out he will have a fair chance of starting fresh in the world. The political danger of making the landlords mere annuitants is thus avoided, and by making the tenant forfeit the bonus if he does not pay his rent, or if he subdivides, the two political objects of freeing the landlord from practical dependence on his tenants for his yearly income, and of preventing the waste of national resources by reckless subdivision, are attained. The scope and the defence of this exceptional interference of the State are thus regarded throughout as political. But the payment to the evicted tenant may also be defended on another theory, that he is thus receiving compensation for a wrong done to him by his landlord in evicting him. He is driven by the act of a comparatively rich man to the sad choice between exile and the workhouse. The rich man shall be made to pay him for the loss he thus sustains. But then if he is to have this romantic justice—this justice beyond the realms of law and political economy, and bordering on the region of socialism—done him, why in his turn should he not do justice? If the landlord is wronging him, possibly he too may have wronged the landlord. He may have farmed badly, or been very cantankerous and disagreeable, or he may have refused a reasonable lease, or he may be an unsafe sort of person in a neighbourhood. It may on the whole be right and proper that the landlord should get rid of him without paying him anything whatever. This is the view which after many waverings, and after much discoursing in the other direction from Mr. GLADSTONE and Mr. LOWE, the Government, chiefly under the influence of Sir ROUNDELL PALMER, have decided to adopt. Our objection to it is, that what we think ought to be the one great object of the whole Bill, to inspire the small Irish tenant with a feeling of security, will not be secured now that this theory has been allowed to prevail. Viewed as a scheme of justice, the Bill

as it now stands is too romantic, and introduces loose and dangerous principles. Mr. HARDY was quite right in saying that this was the first time that Parliament had ever been asked to sanction the doctrine that a man who turns a dependent off, when he is not sure of getting other provision, ought to give him money as a compensation for the loss and risk imposed on him. Viewed as a scheme for inspiring the small Irish tenant with a sense of security, the Bill will, we fear, prove a total failure, for no tenant will be able to calculate with any degree of certainty what compensation for eviction he will get, or whether he will get any.

The tenant is to get compensation for the loss he sustains in being evicted. When Mr. GLADSTONE originally unfolded his scheme he spoke as if the tenant would presumably get the maximum allowed him. The landlord must show some special reason why the very poor tenant should have less than the amount of seven years' rent. But Mr. GLADSTONE was then under the influence of the political theory as to compensation for eviction. Now that he has thrown himself with his native ardour into the other theory, he is ready to make what he terms concessions to the landlord, for, as holding the scales of romantic justice, he thinks that now one side and now the other shall have a little pull in its favour. The concessions he has made are that the tenant shall only get what the Court thinks that he individually, under the particular circumstances of his case, ought to get, and that there shall be no presumption that he is to get the maximum, or anything approaching to the maximum, or anything at all. This may very likely be just, but it cannot possibly make the tenant feel that henceforth he may cultivate his land in security. Each tenant will of course try to calculate how much compensation, for what the Government has learnt to call vexatious eviction, he will get. But how is he to estimate this? and unless he can estimate it why should he feel more happy and comfortable than he does now? He is to get what a Court will give him, after considering what is his particular case. On what principles is the Court to be supposed to be likely to act? Supposing there are two adjacent tenants, each holding a farm of five acres, and they are both evicted, what is there to make a difference between them? Mr. GLADSTONE replies, the one that runs the greater risk ought to receive more; and he said that there would be no difficulty in settling the respective amounts to be received by evicted tenants turned out by a Railway Company. This is, we fear, a very delusive comparison. When a Railway Company turns out occupiers it gives them something for being turned out, and so far the two cases are the same; but then it can measure the respective amounts to be paid by the past, and not, as is proposed in the case of the Irish tenants, by the future. The Railway Company pays the tenant most who can show that he has made most money. His shop has, as a matter of fact, been of greater value to him than the shop of the next man has been to him. If the situation is one of peculiar advantage for carrying on a particular traffic, this is an existing fact the importance of which a Court can in some rough way appreciate. But how is an evicted Irish tenant to prove his loss, and to have his loss measured, as compared with that of his neighbour? The only criterion suggested is the greatness of the risk run. But who runs the greater risk, who will suffer most under eviction, with the choice of America or the workhouse before him? If the Court ventures to be logical, and to apply the principles of Mr. GLADSTONE, it will answer "he who will practically suffer most"; and what will he be but the older, the weaker, and the more shiftless man, the man with the most children, the man least likely to have another farm given him, the idle or the dangerous man? If the Court does not look to the comparative probability of actual suffering through eviction, how can it measure the claims of one man as against another? If it does, then the very man who ought to be encouraged, the

man who works hard, who saves a trifle, who restrains himself from early marriage, will be discouraged by the thought that every exertion he makes to farm his poor holding a little better is lessening the amount of compensation he will receive. He may indeed hope that the Court, recoiling from the monstrous conclusion to which the principle of the Bill would give rise, will somehow take care that he shall not suffer for being virtuous. But how can he know this? How can he be sure on what principles the Court will go? How can he have any confidence in the future, or any heart in his work?

But the difficulties of the tenant in estimating what is meant by his proving his loss are nothing as compared with the difficulties he will encounter in trying to estimate what the equities of the landlord will take off from the amount he might possibly get if his loss were proved. In return for the one great claim given to the tenant for damages for vexatious eviction, the landlord is to have a perfect armoury of little counter-claims against him. Romantic justice and Sir ROUNDELL PALMER are at hand to take care that the landlord shall not suffer too much. Mr. GLADSTONE is always comforting the landlords by asking them to observe that under the equities clauses they are very well protected. He may well do so. The tenant is to have his claim for vexatious eviction diminished or annihilated if he refuses to pay a reasonable increase of rent, or if he will not accept a reasonable lease. What is a reasonable amount of rent, or a reasonable lease? In real life it means, and must mean, a rent which some one offers to pay, or a lease which some one offers to accept. The landlord will come to the tenant and say to him that he has had an offer of a pound a year more for the holding, and will ask the tenant to pay a pound more rent. The tenant, we will suppose, refuses; for if the Bill does not enable him to calculate, quite calmly and without pressure, whether he will refuse or not, what does it do for him? The landlord then goes before the Court, and shows that the tenant has refused to pay a reasonable increase of rent, and he shows that this rent is reasonable, because he shows that he can get it if the tenant is evicted. Is the Court to be supposed to know better than men who know every inch of the soil by heart, and who offer to back their conviction that it is worth so much a year by engaging to give the money? That which some hungry rival of the tenant offers to pay must, in the absence of some very exceptional reason, be taken to be what the land ought to yield to the landlord. The tenant, in considering whether he shall pay the increased rent or not, will have to estimate his pecuniary position if he accepts the proposal, with his pecuniary position if he declines it. He may perhaps be a youngish sturdy man, recently married, and with a pound or two in his pocket. If seven years' rental is to be the maximum of compensation given to the imaginary case of a man who would suffer as much as possible from being turned out, he could not prudently calculate that he would get more than three years' rental. He has then to calculate how much the landlord will be entitled to have taken off this, because he would not pay an increased rent. Let us suppose he has been paying 4*l.* a year, and the landlord asks him for 5*l.* Under the Compensation Clause he would get 12*l.*, and then from that is to be deducted an amount which, in the regions of romantic justice, will represent the sum by which he has wronged the landlord in not agreeing to pay 1*l.* a year more. How on earth is this to be calculated, except in so haphazard a way that practically no tenant dare reckon on the result? If, again, the extreme test of logic were to be applied, the only measure of damage would be the whole amount which the landlord has to pay for evicting him. If he had consented to pay 5*l.* a year the landlord would obviously be the better off by 12*l.*, for this is what the landlord has to pay for the eviction, and he would get 5*l.* equally whether the old or a new tenant paid the increased rent. The harm the evicted tenant has done the landlord is to force him to pay compensation, and so the compensation would be cut away entirely if the equities of the landlord were to prevail to their full extent. It may again be said that no Court would allow this, because it would make the Bill a mockery. Probably this is true. We have no doubt that in real life romantic justice would incline slightly and on the whole in favour of the tenant. But no tenant could feel sure that it would do so in his case, and thus we have the very mischief perpetuated which the Bill was once supposed to be intended to remove, and the soil of Ireland would continue in the hands of very poor people, none of whom could feel secure, because none could feel sure that in his particular case the Bill would do anything for him. Had the political theory been adopted, all these difficulties would have been avoided. The tenants would have been made secure. The Government would not have pretended to

do justice to the landlord, but it would, by a sweeping measure, have established landlords and tenants in a position that would at least have given hopes of introducing peace and content into the country.

PAYMENT OF MEMBERS.

THE proposal that members of the House of Commons should be paid for their services, although it may perhaps hereafter be adopted amongst many other innovations, scarcely deserved for the present a serious answer. It is Mr. GLADSTONE's pleasure, or perhaps his duty as leader of the popular party, to treat with ostentatious respect any scheme which purports to increase democratic power. Only a few days before, in discussing one of the clauses of the Irish Land Bill, he thought proper to remark that the poor deserved special consideration because they were not represented in the House. Such an outburst of revolutionary philanthropy would have been less inappropriate before the passing of the Government Reform Bill. As an answer to a protest against confiscating the property of the rich for the benefit of the poor, Mr. GLADSTONE's language indicated, to say the least, a certain unsteadiness of conviction. Perhaps he is of opinion that half a dozen Irish cottage tenants, with or without threatening letters in their pockets, would be useful members of the House of Commons. They might probably be induced to accept even a smaller salary than the minimum of 150*l.* a year which Mr. P. A. TAYLOR modestly allowed for a representative mechanic. Mr. GLADSTONE's conventional arguments against the proposal were more conclusive than he may perhaps himself have suspected. All but the extreme section of his followers would repose fuller confidence in a Minister who was less ready to sympathize with every contrivance for lowering the standard of electoral or legislative fitness. It is an idle display of official propriety to oppose payment of members on the ground that it would impose a charge on the Consolidated Fund. If the character of the House of Commons would be improved by the provision of salaries for the representatives of the people, England is as well able to bear the burden as France, or Prussia, or the United States. The existence of unpaid offices, whether legislative or administrative, is in a certain sense an aristocratic institution. A Sheriff, a Justice of the Peace, or a member of the House of Commons is at present supposed to have the means of maintaining himself in a respectable position. The penniless adventurers who from time to time find their way into Parliament are themselves for the most part members or hangers-on of the upper classes of society; yet their position is soon found to be highly uncomfortable, and they scarcely ever succeed in making their speculation profitable. A salary which would provide a decent maintenance would be a strong additional motive for practising the various discreditable arts to which charlatans owe their election. Unless a man has an income, whether he inherits or earns it, he is better employed in providing for himself and his family than in administering the affairs of the nation. Mr. FAWCETT's Bill for throwing on the constituencies the expense of elections was intended for the more legitimate purpose of guarding against the monopoly of wealthy candidates. The difference between the measures is analogous to the distinction between a competitive and a pass examination. A candidate in independent circumstances ought to have an equal chance with a richer rival. It is not desirable that Parliamentary life should be adopted as a lucrative or remunerative profession.

There can be no doubt that Mr. GLADSTONE is sincere in his professed desire to see one or more working-men in the House of Commons. In common with less enthusiastic advocates of the experiment, he would probably care little for the opinions which might be professed by the new class of members. Mr. ODGER has little reason to be flattered with the condescending support of supercilious patrons who have supported his claims to the representation of half a dozen boroughs in the expectation that he would be finally suppressed and silenced as soon as he had attained the object of his ambition. Mr. GLADSTONE would probably consider it an additional recommendation of an artisan candidate that he was, like Mr. ODGER, opposed to the preservation of property in land, as well as to all the established institutions of the country. It is indeed not impossible that a comfortable salary might mitigate the destructive zeal of an agitator. If Mr. TAYLOR succeeded in driving the wealthier class out of the House of Commons, their successors would probably approximate to the American rather than to the Jacobinical type. It is found by ex-

perience, that in the few cases where a paid office is in the gift of a popular body, the appointment, whether it is of a preachship or of the office of coroner, generally takes the form of a job. A paid seat in the House of Commons would be sought as a provision for demagogues, for election managers, and for their needy relatives; and, although historical traditions would for some time exercise a wholesome check on vicious tendencies, the House of Commons would gradually sink to the level of the Lower House of the American Congress. Mr. TAYLOR and his allies probably miscalculate the ultimate tendency of their efforts to lower the social position of members of Parliament. It is not an immutable law of nature that the House of Commons should govern the country. For centuries it has included in its ranks some of those who were, independently of their Parliamentary character, principal persons in the country by their possessions, their services, and their reputation. It is extremely improbable that the effect which has been produced would long survive its cause. The American House of Representatives was intended to reproduce the House of Commons, but there was no class in the United States corresponding to the English gentry, and members of Congress were paid. The result has been that, with rare exceptions in troubled times, the Lower House of Congress has exercised no influence on the opinion or the policy of the country. Slighted by the President and overruled by the Senate, it has in ordinary times occupied itself exclusively with barren declamation, only interrupted by practices which savoured of corruption.

The argument for payment of members which is derived from the practice of three or five centuries ago is principally remarkable as an odd relic of the characteristic regard of Englishmen for antiquity and precedent. Democratic politicians who are only anxious to change or abolish every existing right and custom retain in their language some traces of the ancient superstition, as, according to one school of naturalists, maritime creatures when they have developed themselves into land animals still exhibit the useless stump of the tail which enabled their remote progenitors to swim. Mr. TAYLOR talks about knights of the shire and burgesses, as if he were not a professed champion of the sovereignty of the people. When boroughs and counties grudgingly paid wages to their members, they sent to Parliament organs of their own special wants and grievances, and not component parts of a sovereign assembly. It fortunately happened that in ages when deserving young men in want of salaries were not a powerful portion of the community, provincial dignitaries or magnates and men of substance were generally entrusted with the confidence of their neighbours. The House of Commons grew into power because, amongst other reasons, it was composed of the natural leaders of local society. The payment was perhaps at first necessary to induce the principal persons in counties and boroughs to undertake a troublesome function, which in those days afforded little chance of official promotion. As it gradually became evident that the House of Commons was an important centre of power, and that it even opened the road to office, the superfluous appendage of salaries naturally dropped off. To pay members in the present day for laying themselves out for office in the Government would be no revival of the spirit of ancient practice. Members are still paid, though to a smaller extent than in former times, by the social position which they share with their most favoured colleagues. In their own districts, and even in London, they enjoy a kind of honorary precedence in various public bodies, and it unluckily happens that they enjoy a preference in the choice of directors and of similar functionaries. As the supply of candidates greatly exceeds the demand, there is no urgent necessity for additional inducements to enter Parliament. It is already difficult enough for members to maintain their independence against the importunity of factions in the constituency. An irresistible temptation to subservience would be offered by the knowledge that the livelihood of a member, as well as his political career, depended on his compliance with the caprice of electors. There is in truth nothing to be said for the scheme except that it might perhaps supply the House of Commons with humbler aspirants to political success, and perhaps with more genuine levellers than some of those who now affect the advocacy of popular claims. Mr. HORSMAN, who three or four years ago was one of the most eloquent opponents of Parliamentary Reform, thought fit, in the debate on Mr. OSBORNE MORGAN'S motion, to complain that the horse of proprietary right had of late been ridden rather too hard. It has not been generally thought that the provisions of the Irish Land Bill are extravagantly favourable to landlords; and probably Mr. HORSMAN would scarcely be prepared to confer on En-

glish or Scotch tenants a portion of the fee simple of the soil. Mr. TAYLOR'S paid members will be unbiassed by prejudice or by personal interest in property; but the present House is quite sufficiently tolerant of invidious and dangerous rhetorical contrasts of the rich with the poor.

THE PLEBISCITUM.

THE cloud in the clear sky, the ship wrecked just as it is entering port—in fact all the traditional illustrations of danger suddenly presenting itself where safety had seemed assured—suggest themselves, without invitation, in connexion with the events of the last ten days in France. The Constitutional Ministry had apparently surmounted all obstacles, and had succeeded in establishing the Parliamentary Empire against fanatical Imperialists on the extreme Right, and fanatical Republicans on the extreme Left. Even the greatest difficulty of all had been conquered, and the EMPEROR had accepted frankly, if not finally, the new part he was called on to play. If there were some inconsistencies in the conduct of Ministers, if they were less prompt in introducing an Electoral Reform Bill, less bent upon obtaining a really representative Chamber, than their real friends might have wished, every one knew that large allowances must be made both for them and the EMPEROR, and that the transition from Personal to Parliamentary government could hardly be effected without some concessions to the feelings of the Sovereign who was virtually laying down his authority. Even the draft of the new Constitution was not sufficient to overthrow the faith of those who, like ourselves, were sincere, though late, converts to the genuineness of the political changes which have taken place since last June. That the EMPEROR should reserve to himself the power of making a direct appeal to the people was unfortunate, since it introduced an element of insecurity into his relations with the Cabinet and the Corps Législatif. But it was possible, and even probable, that this formidable weapon was only displayed in the Imperial armoury as so much vain show, and that there was no real intention of exercising the power of which it was the symbol. Hereafter, when the responsible Government had become consolidated, it would be suffered to rust and be forgotten. A nation which has become accustomed to the intelligent conduct of public affairs by means of a representative Legislature may be trusted to have outgrown its taste for these sensational appeals to the ignorance or the prejudices of mere numbers.

The announcement that the new Constitution itself is to be submitted to a direct popular vote has dispelled these agreeable illusions. We do not deny that the step is the logical consequence of the transfer of the constitution-making power from the Senate to the people. If the foundations of the French Empire are from time to time to be reconstructed by means of a plebiscitum, it is only common consistency to provide that this provision shall itself be submitted to the authority which is for the future to be invested with the right of annulling or extending it. But where compromises are concerned common consistency is usually abandoned, and it was hoped that this case would be no exception to that almost universal rule. A Sovereign may have his feelings consulted by the grant of some particular prerogative, and yet there may be an implied undertaking all the time that it is not to be put into action. Now, however, that this new prerogative is to be exercised as soon as created, the whole aspect of the situation is changed. The EMPEROR has shown in the most practical way possible that the right to make this appeal is a right of which he means to avail himself. It is impossible that such a determination on his part should not arouse all the suspicions which have only so lately been laid to rest. If he has honestly accepted Representative Government, why does he seek to discredit it in the very hour of its apparent triumph? For that it is discredited by a plebiscitum does not admit of question. A Parliament is nothing if it is not the fullest attainable expression of the wishes and opinions of the electors. On that ground, and on no other, it has the right to hold a position of virtual supremacy among the institutions of the State. If, therefore, the most important of all political questions are not only withdrawn from its cognizance, but entrusted to the decision of those by whom the representatives are elected, what is this but to deny that the latter are what they profess to be, and to assume that in the people taken collectively there is an incommunicable political instinct the action of which is superior to all the results of thought and discussion, however laborious or prolonged? No Parliament

can long retain the respect of the nation when it is thus degraded from a Supreme Legislature to a mere Committee entrusted with the management of those lesser affairs which are not thought to deserve the direct intervention of the constituencies.

The EMPEROR cannot be acquitted, therefore, of a design to show that, in his opinion at all events, there is an authority over and above that of the Legislature, to which he may refer any dispute that shall arise between him and them which is not capable of adjustment otherwise. Why should he be so anxious to establish the fact at this moment? He has gone on for eighteen years without anything of the sort—how is it that in 1870 the right of decreeing a plebiscitum suddenly becomes so dear to him? If he had merely wished to have a select body of constitutional dogma invested with exceptional dignity and permanence, and removed altogether from the attacks of hasty legislation, there were other means of attaining his object. He might have insisted on more than a bare majority being required in both Chambers for the alteration of any Article in the Constitution; he might even have followed the example of the United States, and provided that the decision thus obtained should be submitted to a constitutional convention or to some other specially elected representative body. The natural explanation of his passing over these legitimate means of giving the security of additional deliberation to a certain class of political acts, and selecting one which rejects deliberation altogether, is that he hopes to find in the plebiscitum a machine more submissive to his rule than he can expect in a freely elected Chamber, that his faith in the devotion of the French nation to his name and dynasty is not yet extinguished, and that he looks forward to obtaining absolution at the hands of his subjects collectively, for offences which he may yet be driven to commit against his subjects by representation. If a plebiscitum is to become a recognised constitutional engine, a *coup d'état* will shortly be of no more account than a dissolution. Whenever the EMPEROR is dissatisfied with the acts of the Corps Législatif, he will simply send it about its business, annul or ignore so much of what it has done as does not suit his wishes, and then appeal for indemnity to the nation "assembled in its comitia." Perhaps on this occasion it is only the precedent that he cares for; at least it is hard to believe that he can have ascertained with any certainty that the vote of the people will be given against the changes proposed by the *Senatus Consultum* and in favour of a return to Personal government. It has been suggested indeed that the motive which really underlies this last step is the wish to show the ORLEANSISTS that his dynasty has still the support of the French people, and that any hopes the exiled family may entertain of converting a Parliamentary reaction to their own purposes are wholly without foundation in fact. If this is the case it is an extremely shortsighted policy. That the plebiscitum will result in an immense majority in favour of the Constitution which is submitted to the vote is highly probable; in fact, it is its very probability which most weakens its significance. Any one who commands the administrative machinery of France may count upon getting a similar response. If the Count of PARIS or a Socialist Republic held peaceable possession of the Ministry of the Interior, they might rely with equal confidence on the result of an appeal to the people. But the EMPEROR forgets, if this is really his intention, that his present course leads directly to the alienation from the Parliamentary Empire of the very men by whose means it has been established. It used to be assumed that the reconciliation of the Napoleonic dynasty with Constitutional government was an impossibility; and so long as that assumption prevailed, the ORLEANS family could at least feel that, if Constitutional government became again popular in France, the reaction would probably be accompanied by a corresponding reaction in their favour. Of late this inherent incompatibility has ceased to be generally believed in; and many of those who looked forward to an ORLEANS restoration have been learning to look instead to the consolidation of Constitutional liberty under the rule of the BONAPARTES. If this prospect is again to disappear, the best chance of obtaining the final acquiescence of the French nation in the Second Empire will, as it seems to us, disappear with it. All the promises of 1869 will have been falsified, and the Parliamentary and dynastic Oppositions will once more be identified. How the EMPEROR has succeeded in gaining the consent of his present Ministers to a step so fatal to the end which they have hitherto been supposed to be carrying out in common, is one of the strangest puzzles of contemporary politics.

THE QUEEN'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

A SERVANT of the Crown holding a place of very considerable importance, the functions of which he discharged with great success, has just passed away, and yet the English public knew literally nothing of him or of his office. General GREY was not only the son of a Prime Minister and the heir presumptive to an Earldom, but he was a man of masculine mind, of great readiness and sense, and of highly independent character. Nevertheless he was contented to be the QUEEN'S Private Secretary, and he found ample scope for his energies and satisfaction for his ambition in his employment. Nothing perhaps could illustrate more forcibly the real working of some of the chief institutions of the country than the satisfaction which such a man found in holding the office assigned to him. The Private Secretary of the QUEEN has to lead a very laborious life, for the simple reason that the life of the Sovereign he serves is necessarily very laborious. He has the reward of doing really good work, and of doing it under the eyes of a person who can appreciate what he does. He has also the reward of exercising an important but very indirect influence over the course of public affairs. But it is a great mistake to suppose that the QUEEN'S Private Secretary has power in the shape of commanding patronage, or of influencing the mind of the Sovereign on questions where the head of the Ministry is brought into direct contact with the QUEEN. What amount of influence he has will indeed depend, not only on the man himself, but on the accidental circumstances in which he may find himself. The QUEEN has an enormous amount of daily business to go through. In her early years she had Lord MELBOURNE to advise her in the conduct of this business; and then for many years she had the happiness of being aided by the supreme good sense and the untiring industry of Prince ALBERT. When there is attached to a Queen a person who has this special claim to guide her or a recognised habit of guiding her, the Private Secretary acts under the guidance of a person who is really a private secretary of a higher kind. But in later years the QUEEN has done her vast business unaided, and General GREY has had to shape the form in which her wishes were expressed; and necessarily this became a very important task, for the expression of thought is always in some degree a limitation of the thought itself. The Private Secretary soon forgets all party feeling, for the Sovereign is of no party; and he soon gets to concentrate his whole mind on carrying out the views and defending the position of his mistress, and he cannot job; but he is the vehicle through whom the Sovereign conducts a vast amount of most multifarious and grave business; and when there is no one to interpret the wishes of the Sovereign to him, and to be a kind of higher functionary in his own department, he has to carry on day by day the routine of this business, and he has all the influence which a man must have who has to clothe in language that which the head of the State wishes or requires to be done.

The whole gravity of these duties, and the whole interest which is attached to the efficient discharge of them, lies in the continuous unremitting attention which the King or Queen of England is supposed to give to public affairs. The life of the QUEEN is necessarily a hard-working life, to an extent which would astonish most of her subjects who had never reflected how public business is carried on. The QUEEN is the head of every department in the State. Everything that is done in every department is made known to her, and her pleasure taken upon it. Much of the departmental business is of course mere routine, and the QUEEN has not really to keep a watch over it. But every important question arising in every department has to be brought before her, and in some departments the Sovereign has always taken an especial interest. Everything connected with the troops and with the fleet is watched with the utmost vigilance by the Sovereign, and it is a part of the traditions of English Royalty not to relax this vigilance. Then, again, each Sovereign in turn will, from the cast of his or her mind, find a special interest in some particular department, and be thus led to give extra attention to it; and it is notorious that the QUEEN'S unbounded sympathy for the poor induces her to watch over the administration of the Poor-laws with the very greatest zeal and care. The labour which the Sovereign goes through in this way is enormous, because it is so unremitting, and because it is directed into so many different channels. But to undergo this labour is a necessary part of the position of Royalty, and to shirk this labour would be to sink into the position of a cipher. What gives the Sovereign a real political power in the State is this constant discharge of current business. The Sovereign cannot affect, except in a very slight degree,

the decision of great questions, or the tide of opinion, or the choice of the men who from time to time have the control of public affairs. But the Sovereign has an influence over those who are in office which is derived from a vast fund of accumulated experience and from the necessity under which each Minister finds himself of submitting his actions and conduct in the sphere of his departmental business to a person having this experience. A young sovereign must of course be guided, as the QUEEN was guided by Lord MELBOURNE and then by her husband; but years soon bring knowledge and wisdom to a person that outlives every Ministry in succession. The QUEEN now knows probably more of the proper course of public business, and is more thoroughly acquainted with the history and traditions of every department, than any other person in England. The value of such a knowledge consists partly in the exhibition of a standard of fitness which each Minister of a department of public business is reluctant not to satisfy, and partly in the preservation of a continuity in each department of its own political life. The Sovereign gains also from the constant supervision of the minutiae of business an opportunity of judging of the characters of public men, and of reconciling, stimulating, and utilizing them, which is of great use in practical government. But, then, all this involves very hard work, and as most of this work is done in writing, the Secretary has to write a great deal, and to write with force and readiness, and with a command of apt expression. To be a good Private Secretary to the Sovereign is therefore a very difficult thing, and a man like General GREY, who has filled the post with indisputable success, has contributed a most important item to the proper working of the great machine of government.

The Sovereign has always a very large amount of hard work to do every day, and now that the QUEEN has to do it herself, and has the experience and ability to do it, she must labour very hard. This constant devotion to the public service and to the maintenance of her inherited position has of course its drawbacks. A Queen is only a crowned woman, and the strength of women is limited by nature. An hereditary monarchy is to be taken with all its advantages and disadvantages, and if the Sovereign has delicate health, as the QUEEN often has, then the work belonging to her office must exercise its natural physical effect. The nation takes its Sovereign much as husbands and wives take each other, for better and worse. The individual life rolls on, and much is lost and much is gained as the days go by. It is only an idiotic sort of loyalty to pretend to believe that the Sovereign has not to live the life of an individual human being, and to affect to think a Queen must be always the same. The QUEEN, as she has often given it to be understood, and has expressly recorded in her book, feels the physical fatigue and oppression of work, and of shows and sights and the life of cities. She gives her whole powers to the performance of that business in the highest departments of public life which her striking natural aptitude, her constant willingness to learn, and her immense experience enable her to carry on with a success that is of the greatest benefit to the nation. This business absorbs her strength. It is not to be supposed that she is of so feeble and sentimental a character that the mere weariness of grief for her great loss would induce her to withdraw from the view of her subjects. But she naturally feels that to carry on her Government in the best possible way, so far as she can determine the mode in which it is carried on, is her primary duty, and she has not strength or spirits for much more. This appears to us to be the simple truth as to what is called her seclusion from social life. There must, however, be some sort of limit to the work of a Sovereign, and it can never be desirable that the Sovereign should work too hard. As the QUEEN spends her whole strength in the service of her people, she must be allowed the greatest latitude in the mode in which she lays out her life. But the peculiarity of the life of a Sovereign is, that it is scarcely possible for the occupant of the throne not to do one thing without neglecting to do some other thing. This may perhaps be avoided under the happiest circumstances, and in the flower and perfect time of life. But as years go on each Sovereign in turn will have to leave some things undone in order that other things may be done. No part of a Sovereign's work can surpass in value that part which the QUEEN performs so admirably—the part of superintending the machinery of government. But it is also true that the participation of the Sovereign in the social life of the people is very good work too in its way. Royalty, in order to do good, must exist as a living force, and in order to exist in this way it must be seen, must bring itself home to the general mind, and become

a part of the daily life of men. The English Sovereign is dear to the people of England as the embodiment of English history, and the living visible expression of ancient law and government. The monarchy reposes on the continuance of this sentiment quite as much as on the utility of the functions which the Sovereign discharges in the active working of the scheme of government. What pleases and in a sense ennobles the people is the thought that the state and grandeur of Royalty is something that belongs to them. In a sense the QUEEN belongs to the nation, as the nation to the QUEEN. When the QUEEN's carriage goes by, it is not, in the eyes of the poor, like the passing of the carriage of a rich and great man. It is the carriage and the grandeur and the parade of every one who looks at it. It is this sentiment that gives English Royalty its value and charm, and it would be much to be regretted if it waned at all from being never or very seldom called forth. How far direct efforts to elicit and perpetuate it should be made, must be left to the judgment of the reigning Sovereign; although it can never be wise to neglect too much this sphere of Royal activity. But, on the other hand, it should be remembered that there are other spheres of this activity, and that the supervision of departmental business is of primary importance, and that it has never, probably, been better performed than it has been in recent years when General GREY, as Private Secretary, has been recording the views and wishes of the QUEEN.

NEGRO ENFRANCHISEMENT.

THE Fifteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States prohibits the disfranchisement, on account of distinctions of race or colour, of any part of the population. The requisite majority of State Legislatures had some time since assented to the Amendment, but one or two of them had subsequently retracted their approval; and the PRESIDENT took advantage of the legal doubt whether assent to an Amendment was irrevocable, to exercise a legitimate pressure on Congress. The readmission of Texas and Georgia into the Union has added two votes to the majority; and the proclamation of the PRESIDENT has now given official validity to the Amendment. It may be presumed that the tedious process of reconstruction has been simultaneously completed, although General BUTLER threatens to introduce a Bill for the suspension of the constitutional rights of Tennessee. In many parts of the South life and property are still insecure; and malcontents justly complain that they are represented in Congress by adventurers of whose characters and political opinions the best part of the population utterly disapproves. By an exceptional usurpation, Congress has actually prolonged the term of the Senators and Representatives for Georgia, who will accordingly retain their seats for two years without even a pretence of popular election; but the anomalies which have been introduced during reconstruction will gradually disappear by efflux of time, and it was necessary to close the period of provisional government. It is sometimes expedient to invent forms in anticipation of facts, as the Jesuit missionaries in the East baptized thousands of nominal converts before they commenced their theological instructions. The Southern people will perhaps be less hostile to the Federal Government when they have once more accustomed themselves to feel that they have a share in the political privileges of the Union. In some of the States Confederate officers have lately exhorted their fellow-citizens to resume the allegiance which had been temporarily dissolved. The feeling with which the coloured population is regarded differs widely with the social and political condition of the various States. The sudden acquisition of supremacy by an inferior race has naturally produced strong irritation, but thoughtful politicians probably understood that the circumstances which gave power to the emancipated slaves are not likely to recur. When the scanty garrisons which still remain in parts of the Southern States have been withdrawn, nothing will prevent the white inhabitants from profiting by their higher intelligence and superior organization. They will not be able to withdraw from the negroes the franchise which is now protected by a constitutional guarantee, but only a gross misuse of opportunities can deprive them of the practical possession of power.

The Amendment will produce no immediate effect in the Southern States inasmuch as the enfranchisement of the negroes had already been uniformly imposed by Congress as a condition of readmission to the Union. When the Georgian Legislature attempted to evade the spirit of Federal enactments by expelling the coloured members from its body, the State was suddenly and arbitrarily relegated to the provisional

position from which it had recently emerged. In all parts of the South negroes are now admitted to the poll, and in some States they hold local office. A curious throng lately crowded the galleries of the Senate House at Washington to hear the first coloured Senator make his maiden speech as the successor of JEFFERSON DAVIS in the representation of Mississippi. In some of the Northern States the Amendment will override previous legislation. Several States have since the war voluntarily conferred the franchise on coloured citizens, while other States have refused to accept for themselves the laws which they concurred in imposing upon the South. There is no political community north of the Ohio in which the enfranchisement of negroes will produce any practical result. A small and scattered minority, holding an inferior social position, will scarcely be worth courting, though it will probably add its inconsiderable weight to the Republican party. The negroes of New York, of New England, and of Pennsylvania are perhaps less intelligent than the immigrant Irish, but they are also less troublesome. In a country where the suffrage is regarded rather as a personal right than as a part of the machinery of government, there seems to be no sufficient reason for inflicting disfranchisement on a harmless and industrious section of the community. The far more valuable boon of social equality cannot be conferred by any Legislature or by any Constitutional Amendment. It is not improbable that the line of distinction between different colours may be less harshly definite in the South, where in former days masters and slaves often lived in relations of domestic familiarity and goodwill. The advance of the African race towards civilization since the first forcible immigration is remarkable in itself, and perplexing to the theorists who assert the inherent incapacity of the negro. Forced, as COWPER pathetically sang, from home and all its pleasures, the barbarous ancestor of the object of the Fifteenth Amendment was borne over the raging billow to increase the treasures of the stranger whose descendants must now solicit the vote of the coloured elector. In his native seats the negro is still everywhere a degraded savage, of the type which has been fully described by SPEKE and BAKER and BURTON. Although his place in American society has yet to be determined, friends and enemies will agree that the decent Senator for Mississippi may be advantageously compared with an African king or subject. There was a certain truth in the arguments by which Southern slaveholders formerly justified their favourite institution. The victorious Republicans have carried the process of experimental reasoning beyond slavery to emancipation and to political enfranchisement. The slave trade was in the highest degree cruel and unjust; but if the coloured population of the United States hereafter proves itself capable of exercising the rights of citizenship, the irregular measures of a former generation will be in some degree palliated by remotely beneficial consequences.

In the Proclamation which announces the adoption of the Amendment General GRANT appropriately recommends the fellow-citizens of the enfranchised negroes to take care that their new associates are fitted for political functions by education. Mr. LOWE, after the passage of the last Reform Bill, urged upon Parliament the necessity of taking similar precautions. Obvious causes prevented the extension to the Slave States of the common-school system which has spread from New England over the North and the West. Zealous philanthropists have since the war done something for the education of the negroes; but the difficulty of establishing a single set of schools is for the present found insuperable. The white population may tolerate the presence of the negro at the polling-booth, but they will not allow their children to frequent schools which are attended by coloured pupils. There is no reason to expect that the feeling or prejudice will at any time be relaxed, especially as it is for evident reasons likely that the separation of races will henceforth become more marked and complete. The social conditions which produced a population of mixed colour have disappeared with emancipation. The whites and the blacks will now live habitually apart, and they are not likely to adopt for the first time the custom of intermarriage.

Although the result of the American experiment is wholly uncertain, universal enfranchisement is perhaps the more promising of two alternative courses. The Constitution of the United States was founded on the assumption that all citizens were approximately equal, and it may possibly break down when it is artificially applied to an inferior and a superior race. On the other hand, it makes no provision for the co-existence of privileged and unprivileged classes, except in the relation of master and slave. Power vested in a single person or in an aristocracy may sometimes be exercised for the protection of the weak against the strong;

but a popular Government exercising authority over a separate and subject community has almost always been tyrannical. Ancient Greece, Italy, and Switzerland furnish many examples of the oppressions practised by sovereign democracies. There may be some ground for the prevalent American belief that the Ballot affords adequate security to every class of voters against violence and injustice. If the rising generation of negroes has the good fortune to be educated, there will be stronger reason for trusting to the efficacy of constitutional privileges; but it is nevertheless certain that Congress has, with or without adequate excuse, taken a leap in the dark. The Southern Americans of the present day have, whatever may be the case with the descendants of kidnapped Africans, no reason to feel gratitude to the authors and conductors of the slave trade. The wealth of their country would have increased more slowly without the aid of coloured labour, but a homogeneous population would have escaped grave social and political embarrassment. There will be no opposition to the operation of the Amendment, except perhaps in California, if the Chinese immigrants claim the suffrage in right of its provisions. In that remote region the laws of the United States are obeyed only as far as they are adapted to local circumstances. Greenbacks have never been made a legal tender in California, and the Homestead Law has become a dead letter in the Pacific States. A similar licence will be used if it is thought necessary to exclude the Chinese from political influence. The negroes who are the real objects of the solicitude of Congress will have the opportunity of trying whether nominal identity of rights secures political equality.

INDIAN FINANCIAL PROSPECTS.

ALL that can be clearly gathered from the telegraphic intelligence received from Calcutta at the beginning of the week is that the Indian Government is making very energetic efforts to produce the sort of Budget which satisfies the severe exigencies of English-speaking communities. The FINANCE MINISTER guesses—with more grounds for his conjecture, let us hope, than he proved to have twelve months ago—that at the close of the current year, 1870-1871, his accounts will show a small surplus of about 164,000l. This result he proposes to bring about by a reduction of nearly seven hundred and fifty thousand pounds on army expenditure, by diminishing the grant for a certain class of public works to more than two millions sterling less than the figure at which it stood years ago, and by raising the Income-tax, which was doubled in the middle of the last financial year, to 3½ per cent.; the fraction being probably explained by the fact that the tax is no longer to be levied by percentages, but by the proportion between some known coin and the rupee, like the English system of taking so many pence in the pound. The increased stringency of direct taxation in a country like India is a very serious matter, and the military economies have yet to be arranged with the authorities in this country, but the additions to revenue from these sources will be of a substantial nature, whatever be their amount. On the other hand, the diminished expenditure on public works is in a certain sense only apparent. The Indian Government proposes to grant less by two millions for some public works than it did two years ago, but it proposes to borrow nearly as much more than it did at the same date for the so-called "reproductive" works. We need scarcely say that all public works which are worth constructing at all are in a sense reproductive, but the Indian Government appears to confine the epithet to a class of works of which each member may be expected to give a certain percentage of profit on the amount of borrowed capital allotted to it, and in some cases to furnish a sinking-fund for the extinction of that precise portion of the public debt. The preference of this particular class of works for borrowing purposes becomes easily intelligible when we remember that till the other day many of them were actually, and all of them were once hoped to be, constructed by Companies which professed at all events to expect quick returns on the capital expended. It may be doubted, however, whether this distinction between works directly and indirectly reproductive will prove to be maintainable when the policy of the Indian Government in embarking largely on great undertakings has been carried still further. For the moment its effect is to improve the credit of India, but hereafter it may have a look of one of the most notorious expedients of insolvent States—the allotment of special sources of income to pay the interest on sums which could not have been borrowed on the general credit of the Government.

An interesting letter which appeared in one of the morning papers on the day on which the telegram about the Indian Budget was received leads to the hope that the Indian Government may be on the way to economies less doubtful, and capable of being pushed to a much further point, than reductions of expenditure on the army or public works. It seems that Lord NAPIER, the Civil Governor of Madras, has introduced into his Legislative Council a Bill to legalize local taxation for local public objects, and supports it with all the force of his Government. We believe that the transfer of charge from the Supreme to the Provincial Governments has long been the dream of Indian financiers, but the policy had no chance of success so long as the measure of discretion left to these Provincial Governments in the expenditure of money was so exceedingly small. The authorities almost despotically governing communities as large as the more considerable European nations are strictly responsible to the financial departments of the Supreme Government for all but a very minute proportion of their expenditure, and it is not matter for surprise that disputes between the Central and Provincial rulers as to the amount which the latter are entitled to receive and spend are of periodical recurrence. The amused or puzzled reader of Indian newspapers is every now and then tempted to wade through an official correspondence of which the point solely consists in the scandal occasioned by its publication. The relations between the Indian Government and some of its subordinate authorities seem, in fact, to be sometimes not unlike those between man and wife when they are on bad terms—a state of things which generally gives an advantage to the one who is least afraid to brave the scandal of open war. Lord NAPIER's Government at Madras expressly disclaimed all sympathy with these tactics, but its representative strongly expressed himself on the economy which would be the consequence of relaxing the strict rules which control the powerful Governments which in India are called Local or Provincial, in the disposal of the revenues which they collect. It seems certain that under the existing system they are exceedingly wasteful, and the writer from whom we have been quoting even compares them to a household carrying out SWIFT's ironical advice to servants, that each of them should act as if his master's whole estate ought to be applied to his particular department. The apparently complete failure of the plan of strict accountability to a central controlling power is itself a reason for trying another form of financial responsibility, although no argument will probably convince a ruler imbued with the true centralizing spirit that liberty to spend means anything but the condonation of wilful extravagance.

From other Indian correspondence we learn that the plan of transferring certain charges to the great and wealthy province of Lower Bengal has met with a curious difficulty. One of the most important passages in Indian history was Lord CORNWALLIS's Permanent Settlement of the revenues of Bengal. Part of the measure, which, we need hardly say, had for its object the conversion of the farmers of the Government revenue into a landed proprietary, necessarily consisted in an intimation by the Government that it would not hereafter claim any greater share of the profits of the land than that fixed upon at the settlement. This intimation was made by Lord CORNWALLIS in very strong and wide language, and it seems that the landowners of Bengal now claim that there was a contract between the British Government and their predecessors in title, never under any circumstances to tax the land of Bengal further. We believe that this pretension was made and overruled when the late Mr. JAMES WILSON first proposed to levy an Income-tax in India, but it is obviously advanced with rather more colour of reason when the proposal is to levy local rates for local purposes. From an English and Western point of view one is tempted to make short work of such an argument. Even supposing the alleged agreement to be possible or conceivable, what can it be construed as meaning? When Lord CORNWALLIS entered into it, the British India of to-day, formed chiefly by WELLESLEY's conquests and DALHOUSIE's annexations, had no existence. Can Lord CORNWALLIS be conceived as looking forward to a great extension of territory, and promising that, if the expenses of government ever exceeded the revenue paid by the land of Bengal, the overplus should be thrown on populations not then conquered? Or, supposing him to have had no such foresight, can he have meant to pledge himself that, whatever duties the ideas of future ages might impose on Governments, they should either be left undischarged in Bengal or discharged exclusively at the expense of the non-landowning classes? Of course there is not, as a matter of fact, any doubt of his real intentions. He meant to pledge the Sovereign in

his character of universal landowner only. The development of the government of his successors into an organized system, with a separate Executive and Legislature, recognising duties of the European order and providing for their discharge by taxes of the European stamp, he never so much as dreamed of. He never expected the expenses of government to exceed the revenue from the land, which indeed he hoped would be larger, because better collected, than if the demand of the State were unlimited; and if any loss were sustained, he expected that it would entail, not the denial of education or public works, but simply a diminution of the East India Company's dividend. But, though we may be morally sure of this, the reasoning of an Oriental, even of the Europeanized native of Bengal, is even now of a different kind. To him the Government over him is still a power external to him, looking mainly to its own interests, and capable of binding by contract its successors for ever, even in the matter of taxation. Before apparent contracts like Lord CORNWALLIS's, which have been often made with particular classes in Europe, can be neglected without some shock to the taxpayer's sense of fairness, the conception of Government as a trustee for its subjects and a steward of its revenues for them must be to some extent realized. Such a view of its position is not easily impressed by a government of foreigners, and still less easily taken by an Oriental race; but it has the greater chance of being understood when the natives of the several provinces of India are treated as separate substantive populations, having local obligations among themselves, to be discharged at local cost.

THE GAME-LAWS.

MR. P. A. TAYLOR has introduced a Bill for the abolition of the Game-laws which has the merits of directness and conciseness. After a recital that various statutes have from time to time been enacted for the protection of certain species of wild animals, and that in consequence of such legislation the said wild animals have in various parts of the country been multiplied to an extent very injurious to the cultivators of the soil, and that such excessive quantity of wild animals has greatly contributed to the demoralization of the people by affording continual temptation to breakers of the law, the Bill enacts, in a single clause, that after February next all those statutes providing for the protection, preservation, and sale of the said wild animals shall cease and determine. Having gratified himself by the denunciation three or four times over of wild animals, Mr. TAYLOR condescends to define the creatures *feræ naturæ* which are the objects of his animosity as any game whatever, and any woodcock, snipe, quail, or landrail, or any coney or any deer. After the passing of the Act tame rabbits and tame deer, being expressly declared to be wild animals, will be at the mercy of the first comer; and undoubtedly after a short time there will be no excessive quantity of game to demoralize the people by temptation or otherwise. The Bill will not pass in its present form, nor in the current Session, but it exemplifies the intolerant and sweeping manner in which politicians of the school to which Mr. TAYLOR belongs are disposed to deal with the interests of those classes which have the misfortune to own property. The universal destruction of game would be as unpalatable to many residents in towns as to the landowners themselves. A large and increasing section of traders and professional men finds in field-sports the most attractive of recreations in the short intervals of business. As there is practically no law of trespass in England, the abolition of the Game-laws would prevent even the cultivator, whom Mr. TAYLOR is anxious to protect, from preserving game for his own pleasure or profit. In the more usual case, where the game belongs to the landlord, it is notoriously untrue that the wild animals which are known as partridges and pheasants inflict serious damage on the cultivators of the soil; nor are landrails, quails, snipes, and woodcocks in the habit of destroying large portions of growing crops. The practice of keeping sheep demoralizes a certain number of persons by giving them facilities for adopting the profession of sheep-stealing, and a far more serious and effective temptation to dishonesty is afforded by tradesmen who exhibit valuable goods in their shop-windows. Poachers are, with few exceptions, the worst characters in the neighbourhood, and their depredations are rarely to be attributed to an irregular love of sport. A cover which is known to be full of pheasants excites the cupidity of depredators for nearly the same reasons which would induce them to arrange any ordinary theft. It is impossible to adopt a suggestion which has often been made, that game should be declared to be property

liable to larceny, for the simple reason that the ownership is displaced as soon as the hare or pheasant crosses the boundary fence; yet it may be confidently asserted that the poacher believes that he is plundering the landowner of his property, and he is encouraged by the knowledge that his spoils are incapable of identification. Apples in an orchard have nearly the same demoralizing qualities with pheasants, and they are more easily taken than woodcocks or snipes.

Mr. TAYLOR will probably accept all the consequences of his Bill, but Parliament is not yet prepared for legislation which would debar English owners and occupiers from entering into voluntary contracts. In countries which have no special laws for the preservation of game there are always heavy penalties on trespass; and it is strange that in England the enjoyment of land should from time immemorial have been left without any adequate protection. Before a trespasser can be prosecuted it is necessary to prove that he has committed positive damage, although his intrusion may be much more objectionable than any material injury which he has inflicted. If Mr. TAYLOR's Bill became law, an owner farming his own land would have no redress against a vagabond who walked across his stubbles with a gun and shot half a dozen partridges before his face. The proprietor would in contemplation of law have suffered no pecuniary loss by the destruction of wild animals, which might nevertheless be worth more in the market than as many domestic fowls. It is perhaps fortunate that a wholesome superstition, propagated with the aid of menacing sign-boards, has produced the popular impression that trespassers can suffer the utmost rigour of some mysterious law. If the Game-laws were abolished without any equivalent, the land would be given up to poachers until they had made a solitude by exterminating the last remains of the game. The farmer, as he would be unable to retain the game for himself, would for the same reason be unable to contract for its preservation with the landlord or with a stranger. It might well happen that every person who had any right in the land was anxious to maintain a fair head of game, and that all the neighbours of every class concurred in the wish. Nevertheless it would be impossible to exclude marauders from a distance who would for all purposes of sporting or of preventing sport be the real owners of the land. There is no use in bringing actions for damages against penniless poachers who would after the abolition of the Game-laws be secure from prosecution.

The right of preserving game, like other rights of property, is undoubtedly liable to abuse. The extravagant heads of game which are here and there maintained furnish Mr. P. A. TAYLOR and other enemies of landowners with their most plausible pretext. Some of the more foolish and selfish landowners preserve enormous numbers of rabbits in the immediate vicinity of arable land, with much the same result as if they deliberately multiplied rats on the floors of a granary. Although rabbits are not protected by the Game-laws, it is possible that some legislative measure might be devised for the restraint of a culpable practice, but the abuse is already condemned by general opinion, and it will probably become less and less common. The punishments imposed by the Game-laws are in themselves moderate, but they have become practically oppressive because they are cumulative in relation to the penalties exacted by the officers of the revenue for sporting without a licence. It would be a proper subject for inquiry whether means might not be found for preventing the infliction, under any form, of excessive fines. The severe punishments incurred by night-poaching are justified by the probability that the offenders meditate, in case of need, violent resistance to the law. The advocates of a reasonable and moderate Game-law will be well advised in relying on the argument that owners ought, in the absence of exceptional reasons, to be protected in the enjoyment of their property. The social and political consequences which might follow from the general destruction of game are perhaps too doubtful in themselves or too disputable in their character to form safe grounds for legislation. There can be no doubt of the fact that the love of rural life which is peculiar to England has been largely fostered by the absorbing taste for field-sports which sometimes runs into pernicious excess. Able and thoughtful writers have sometimes objected on principle to a pursuit which seems to them essentially barbarous; but it is not denied that the love of pursuing wild animals which may perhaps be a relic of savage instinct is so strong and so widely felt that it may almost be regarded as a passion. The proof that it is not an artificial product of law or of habit is found in the fact that the love of pursuit and slaughter is keenest in boys. It is possible that in some future generation the propensity may yield to argument; but for the present

there is no general conviction of the immorality of sport which would justify an attempt to suppress it by law. Even Mr. TAYLOR has not alleged in his preamble that it is wicked to preserve woodcocks for any reason except because those succulent birds of passage are supposed to destroy the crops which they never see, and to demoralize the population which they infest towards the end of autumn. Mr. TAYLOR would probably view with complacency the retirement of the gentry from country districts, if not from the rest of the kingdom; yet it is hard to deprive one of the most important classes of the community of a favourite pleasure, which is commonly deemed innocent. Although Mr. TAYLOR has omitted fish in his definition of wild animals, nearly the same objections will apply to the preservation of pike, of salmon, or of trout. It cannot indeed be asserted, except perhaps by town-bred patriots, that fish come out of the water to graze in cornfields, but where they are numerous they offer, in common with birds and beasts of chase, a strong temptation to poachers. It is worth considering that the question is not as to the distribution of fish or game, but as to the existence of a luxury which in a populous country can, from the nature of the case, only be possessed by a few. The enactment which Mr. TAYLOR proposes would in a few years destroy all the pheasants, partridges, and grouse in Great Britain. A great many persons would be made less happy by the change, and the only compensation would be that poachers would have to turn to some other kind of depredation, and that farmers would be relieved from a kind of damage which they know to be trivial. It is natural to suspect that the thorough-going enemies of game-laws and game object to pheasants, as MACAULAY said of the Puritans in reference to bear-baiting, not because they inflict loss on the farmers or because they demoralize poachers, but because they give pleasure to sportsmen who may be popularly regarded as aristocrats.

UNIVERSITY TESTS AT DUBLIN.

IT is seldom that the ordinary relations of parties and principles are so completely turned upside down as they were in the debate on Mr. FAWCETT's motion yesterday week. That "advanced Liberals" should wish to fetter the Government in its dealings with the higher education of the Irish people by extracting from the PRIME MINISTER a declaration which may be turned against him hereafter is natural enough. With Mr. FAWCETT and his friends undenominational education is a passion, and passions of all kinds are exempt by the very law of their being from subjection to policy or common sense. Mr. FAWCETT is no doubt prepared, if consistency demands it and fate allows it, to pull down the Liberal Ministry rather than consent to the continuance of Denominational education in any form. In his eyes it were better that the Irish Church were still established, the Irish tenant still unprotected, the English people still untaught, than that in any part of the United Kingdom British subjects should still be found educating their own sons in their own religion. But how are we to account for the course taken in this debate by the members—the Conservative members—for the University of Dublin? We acquit them of a mere short-sighted desire to embarrass the Government. That is not the present cue of the Opposition generally, and Dr. BALL in particular has always shown himself a generous and straightforward enemy. But, in spite of the distinction he drew between the position of the University question in England and in Ireland, it is with a certain sense of incongruity that we see an assault on Denominational education led and supported from the Conservative benches. Dr. BALL is evidently prepared, when the Government introduces its University Tests Bill for England, to come out as an ardent Denominationalist. The circumstances of England, he says, are utterly different from those of Ireland—a conclusion at which he has apparently arrived since his speech on the Second Reading of the Irish Land Bill—since in England there is "an Established Church incorporated into the State, or rather an essence of the State, vivifying it from the Sovereign to the humblest individual in it." Perhaps we were wrong just now in saying that Dr. BALL could ever become an ardent Denominationalist. An ardent Establishmentarian would, we suspect, be a more correct description of him. Religion is a very good thing so long as it walks in purple and fine linen and dwells in kings' houses. Then it is a vivifying essence, and it is quite proper that Universities should be compelled to recognise it, and that every professor and tutor should be prepared to swear that he believes it, without a too curious inquiry into the consonance of facts with his oath. But when "there is no longer any connexion between the State and religion," poor

religion must learn to shift for herself. When she was a vivifying essence it was quite proper that she should preside over University studies: now that she has drifted into the Denominational chaos, she has lost all claim to such a position. We can understand such a theory when it is put forward by a mere lawyer or politician, but it comes strangely from the representative of the Protestant clergy of Ireland. If Dr. BALL accurately expresses their sentiments, how are we to explain this sudden wish for the proscription of Denominational education? Ireland has not usually been held peculiarly free from religious exclusiveness, and the Protestants of Ireland have not usually been regarded as an exception to the general dispositions of their countrymen. We cannot but suspect the genuineness of this outburst of sudden zeal for United Education. We imply nothing against its sincerity, for it is not the least necessary that people should be conscious of their own real motives; but we doubt whether it would ever have been forthcoming if circumstances had not pointed to United Education as a convenient means of escape from the possible danger of partial disendowment. To have to admit Roman Catholics to a full participation in the revenues of Trinity College is unpleasant enough, but it is at all events better than to have to make over a part of those revenues to a rival Roman Catholic institution. Why Dr. BALL, who if our memory serves us rightly was last year a supporter of a somewhat similar mode of dealing with the revenues of the Irish Establishment, should make himself an exponent of this feeling, it is difficult to say; but we know how coldly the idea of paying the Roman Catholic clergy was received by their Protestant brethren, and it is not surprising that the latter do not stop to draw nice distinctions between the concurrent endowment of colleges and the concurrent endowment of churches.

Mr. GLADSTONE did no more than common prudence demanded when he declined to give any pledge, or answer any inquiries, as to the nature of the Bill which he will propose next Session for the settlement of the Education question in Ireland. It is becoming more and more probable that on this subject there will be sooner or later a schism in the Liberal party. Those who advocate Denominational proscription, and those who insist on Denominational freedom, are not likely to pull in the same boat for ever. But though the quarrel may not be averted, the proportion of Liberal members found on each side may be greatly affected by the tactics of the Government in the interval. Perhaps if every man had to take his side at this moment the seceding camp would be swelled by many who will be prepared in 1871 to support the Government measure. There is something which attracts them in the words undenominational, and unsectarian; in short, in negative prefixes generally. Some of them sit for constituencies in which a strong type of Protestantism is largely represented; and no type of religion takes more kindly to the part of dog in the manger, or leads men to spite themselves with the greatest readiness, if by so doing they can be sure of spitting their neighbour at the same time. When this element is brought to bear upon a member of Parliament it is very likely to blow his latent love for undenominationalism into a tolerably ardent flame. Now the effect of leaving the Government free to deal with the question as they think expedient will be to make the position of Denominationalism in the Irish University system part of a larger scheme, to much of which English Radicals will probably have no objection. We have said that Mr. FAWCETT, and men like Mr. FAWCETT, will have no scruple in voting against a Bill which accords any recognition whatever to the principle of Denominationalism in education, even though this recognition affects only a small part of the measure, and though its rejection will be tantamount to an overthrow of Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration. But the numbers who will be prepared to go this length are likely to be much fewer than would have been found willing to support an abstract resolution like Mr. FAWCETT'S, supposing that Mr. GLADSTONE had not announced that such a vote would be accepted as one of no confidence. It is highly desirable that the House of Commons should take up the question, next Session, as little hampered as possible by the recollection of past pledges. Irish education is too serious a subject to be made a target for the indiscriminating arrows of doctrinaire Liberalism.

It is not to be expected that the leaders of the anti-Denominational crusade will be turned from their purpose by any such trifling considerations as the right of the majority of the Irish people to have an education provided for them which, if not in all respects what they would most wish, shall be at least such as they can avail themselves of without violence to their conscientious scruples. If Mr. FAWCETT can persuade the great body of Irishmen to acquiesce in the arrangement he proposes, there will be an end of the question. The only

object a really Liberal Government can have in the matter is to give the benefits of a University education to all classes and creeds in Ireland. The way in which Mr. FAWCETT proposes to attain this end—the establishment of a mixed University with mixed colleges—has only one fault, but unfortunately it is one which a little interferes with the purpose for which it is intended. It is contrary to the wishes and convictions of the mass of Roman Catholic Irishmen. Of course Mr. FAWCETT is quite above being influenced by so trifling a consideration as this. In educational matters he is all for paternal government. The people are to be given, not what they want, but what is best for them. We agree with him so far as this, that it is the duty of the Government not to court popularity, or evade difficulties, by measures which they believe will be injurious to the end for which they are professedly legislating. But Mr. FAWCETT has yet to show that the exclusion of religion from the Colleges as well as from the University is the only method of disposing of the question which will not have this injurious effect. It will not be enough to prove that the expedient he proposes is abstractedly the best, because an inferior type of education, heartily accepted by the people to whom it is addressed, may be far more beneficial in its results than a higher type which fails to secure this welcome. So long as Mr. FAWCETT is unable even to tolerate any education which has been contaminated by the contact of religion, his contributions to the solution of the Irish University difficulty will not have much practical value.

"BASELESS RUMOURS."

HAPPILY it is not given to every man to go to Corinth. Thirty or forty years ago this proverb would have applied more pointedly to London society than it does now. Then a Corinthian was the synonym of what in that archaic language was called a tip-top swell. He was supposed to be the capital which decorated the social shaft on which all British institutions rested. There are Corinthians—the thing if not the name—now: that is, there are not only the "bloods" and "bucks" and "swells" of the old time, but there are those who profess to know all about what is called high life, and are much interested in the life and manners of Corinth. There are people who retail, and others who invent, that mysterious gabble known to small novelists, cheap magazine writers, and gutter editors, and our London Correspondents, as the Gossip of the Clubs, the Talk of the Day, Current Events, and the Social Week, in which Corinth plays so large a part. We have outlived the *Town and Country Magazine* of the last century, every number of which used to couple the portraits of some fashionable lady and gentleman of the time with the suggestion of a *liaison* closer than that depicted in this *chronique scandaleuse*. The *Satirist* and the *Age* are only names to the present generation. But the spirit of the *Queen's Messenger* survives, and it is a great mistake to suppose that we are one whit better at core than our fathers and mothers; and though we affect to be very much shocked at evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, we enjoy and encourage it as much as ever. It must be so from the nature of the case. There is, with all our protestations to the contrary, a fine tuft-hunting flunkeyish character about us. In no other civilized country would the *Court Circular* or the *Morning Post* go down—that is, not under the same social conditions. Of course things are worse in the United States, but their bad way is different from our bad way. At present we only peep through the keyholes of lords' and ladies' houses. There is this common nature in English and American public gossip about private people and their private concerns, that it is in either country engendered by a sort of natural reaction against mere vulgar abuse of the upper ten thousand; but the more social distinctions connected with rank and title and hereditary position are effaced, the more personal does scandal and gossip and interest in the annals of Mayfair become. We have not yet come to newspaper reports of what women wear in church, and as yet we have no official reports of the menus of yesterday's dinners consumed in Belgravia. But we have at least one journal which, besides furnishing a weekly caricature of somebody whose name is, or is supposed to be, in the popular mouth, also panders to that very peculiar taste which feels an interest in the particulars of Lady HOPPINGTON'S ball or the Hon. MRS. BOREALL'S reception. The old thing survives under new forms.

All this is perhaps only vulgar, and what is called Philistine. It panders to the low instincts of a low cast of character; but it is not, or not always, cruel, malicious, and wicked. Chatter about high life chattered in the Peckham Omnibus is not

always malevolent. There is, however, a social evil greater than this. A snob has recently written a book which he calls *The Club and the Drawing-room*, and which professes to photograph club manners and club men, and give specimens of the marvellous macrocosm of Pall Mall to an interested and emulating world of shopmen and apprentices. Those who know anything of club life, even in the innermost recesses of the smoking-room, know that its customs are very commonplace, and its manners are a compound of the very ordinary British selfishness and dulness. But though the vulgar author of *The Club and the Drawing-room* has drawn upon his imagination—and his imagination is not as that of THEOPHRASTUS—for his typical club characters, he means to be offensive and insolent, and will succeed, we dare say, in getting his book read. His portraits are like nothing in heaven or earth or even in a London club, though some of them may suit another place, which must be very dull if it is at all like the Pall Mall of novels and newspapers and of this writer. We only notice him because he is not the worst instance of a bad class. And there will, we dare say, be plenty of fools who will waste some of their unprofitable time in attempting to identify his caricatures. His object being to make some people of a certain class uncomfortable, and to interest a good many people in the discomfort and annoyance of their fellow-creatures, he will succeed in this not very difficult and not very amiable task. But this sort of scandal is at any rate weak and watery; to libel men by the thousand is a very diluted form of offence against the Ninth Commandment. There are extant forms of social scandal of much greater evil and of more condensed malignity—more wicked, more cruel, more vindictive. The worst kind of libel of this sort is that directed against the highest persons in the State. The Sovereign herself, though a woman and a widow, has no immunity from these poisoned arrows which are launched in the dark. The worst of these assaults are those directed against those who cannot defend themselves. A few months ago we received, and probably other journals received, a cut-and-dry paragraph in print ready for insertion, and affecting to be an authoritative account of a coming event in the highest quarters. The report was not morally scandalous, but only a simple blank unmitigated lie. Last week another of these rumours was floated, which was however a good deal worse, because it was scandalous, malicious, and libellous. For ourselves, we may assume an outside attitude and suppose ourselves utterly unacquainted with the gabble of coteries social or journalistic. We choose to be of those who, in WORDSWORTH'S language, do not

... Much or oft delight
To season their fireside with personal talk
... of ladies bright,
Sons, mothers, maidens, withering on the stalk.

It may be that many of us dislike scandal not so much or not only on account of its malice, but for its stupidity. The taste is perhaps as much offended as the moral sense. Anyhow, to live remote from evil-speaking, rumour, or even malignant truth, saves trouble. Why should we be bored with such a social conundrum as that which appeared in the *Times* of Wednesday, headed "Baseless Rumours"? If we had never heard the rumour, why should we be worried and perplexed about the base, or want of base, of what was as unintelligible as Aztec? The "report" which appeared "recently in the columns of an evening contemporary," and "in which the name of an illustrious personage" "was introduced," and which the *Times* was "happy to say" "has been contradicted and apologized for"—why was the whole world to be set agog in this way? What quiet and respectable people ever heard of the rumour at all? Why were we to be sent on a wild-goose chase to hunt up all our recent evening contemporaries, and to guess out the illustrious personage, and to be compelled to scan the illegible print of a flimsy halfpenny newspaper, first to see what lies it had told, and next to see how and with what grimaces it had been compelled to swallow its own nasty inventions? And not only was the paragraph a riddle, but on other grounds very unsatisfactory. If it were worth while to contradict a mendacious slander, why was not the contradiction announced in plain and intelligible language? Why was it not said—for this seems to be the meaning of this tenebrous talk—The *Echo* halfpenny journal, having given circulation to a report that the Prince of WALES was about to appear as a co-respondent in the Divorce Court, has been compelled to retract the report, and to apologize for it. If this were the truth of the matter, it would have been at least intelligible; and we must say that if the PRINCE'S advisers did not say this, they had much better have said nothing. For what are the facts? The *Echo* of Tuesday actually had just put the rumour into a

most tangible and intelligible form, and its apology consisted in taking great credit for its libel, and for having discharged "a paramount duty," and for having rendered the PRINCE "a valuable service" in charging him with adultery. Merely as a specimen of an apology, this particular *Echo* ought not to die away:—

THE PRINCE OF WALES AND THE DIVORCE COURT.

We have much pleasure in complying with a request made by the representatives of the Prince of Wales, that we should contradict the report to which we gave circulation, to the effect that the name of His Royal Highness would be mentioned in connexion with another petition in the Divorce Court. We have no hesitation or reserve in compliance with a further request that we should express regret for having given currency to the report. Yet in this we may perhaps claim to have rendered to the Prince a valuable service, for upon the day before the appearance of the paragraph in our columns the following had been spread broadcast over England, and, among other journals of wide and important circulation, had appeared in the *Northern Daily Express*, published at Newcastle; in the *Eastern Morning News*, published at Hull, and in the *Western Morning News*, published at Plymouth:—

"The scandal pre-eminently is an approaching divorce suit, in which the Lord-Lieutenant of a very important English county is the petitioner, and a very distinguished person is co-respondent."

Although the allusion was apparent and the report current, yet it is impossible to contradict such an innuendo, and in thus affording His Royal Highness an opportunity of giving us correction, we entertain a confident hope that both the public and himself will feel we have only fulfilled our paramount duty.

We say nothing about the scandal itself; it is not in our way to concern ourselves with things which are too high—in all senses—for us. The proceedings of the Divorce Court are not very savoury, and we are not disposed to lick our lips in anticipation of the nauseous draughts that are said to be brewing. If we chose to listen to prurient gossip, we might hear enough, and more than enough, of this or that approaching suit in which the co-respondents are counted by two figures. Sufficient for the day is the loathsomeness thereof. But the *Echo* lets us into the secret of the genesis of a vile story of scandal. It will not do to fling it out first in a London newspaper. The London Correspondent of some obscure and unprincipled country paper slips it into his Chat of the Clubs, or Table Talk, or Current Topics, or Metropolitan Memoirs, just as a forged note is taken over to the Continent and floated into circulation from Baden or Monaco. Then the London paper—that is, the London paper of a sort, "an evening contemporary"—has only to quote the fie-fie story from a "local journal of wide and important circulation," such as the "*Eastern Morning News*, published at Hull," and the dirty work is done. To be sure, "the allusion is apparent and the report current," and one would think that it is not quite so "impossible to contradict such an innuendo," and that it might be the duty of an honest man to contradict, or at least to suppress, slander. But no; we are assured that, because it is impossible for the *Echo* to contradict the report, therefore it is the duty of the *Echo* to give greater currency to it. This introduces quite an interesting standard and method of writing history, which may be summarily stated—Whatever you find impossible or difficult to disprove you may announce as fact. It is impossible to contradict the report that the French EMPEROR was killed this morning, therefore in your Third Edition print the report as fact. Who can say that Portsmouth Harbour is not at this moment in flames? It is impossible to contradict the report, therefore it is the halfpenny journalist's duty to state it. Further, it is not only a literary duty to current history to give circulation to every report, but in a case of this particularly slippery sort there is a moral obligation imposed on the halfpenny journalist. The Prince of WALES ought to be very much obliged to the *Echo* for the opportunity of saying that he is not what the *Echo* and the *Northern Daily Express* said he is. "We claim to have rendered the PRINCE 'a valuable service.'" The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel, and the valuable services of the *Echo* may be dispensed with. It may be a kindness to announce that you are a thief, murderer, and adulterer—that your wife or daughter is considerably worse than she should be—because to say so affords you "an opportunity of correcting" the generous statement of the *Echo*; but there are kindnesses which the victims stupidly do not appreciate. For observe the extent of this great principle as to your duty towards your neighbour. What is true of the duty of the *Echo* is true of everybody's duty. We are therefore led to the conclusion that it is every man's and every woman's duty to give the utmost publicity to every evil report and foul report as to everybody else's character and manner of life, because we hereby give the victim the "opportunity of contradicting the innuendo." It is "our paramount duty" to libel everybody for his good, and for our good too, because ours is, or ought to be, "the largest London circulation."

THE PARSON OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AS SHOWN IN FICTION.

SO long as the ideal parson did not interest the ladies he could occupy no leading place in romance. He was necessarily subordinate, or, to excuse giving him a more prominent part, there must be in him an element of the grotesque, low, or ridiculous, which is always less attractive to women than to men. A single change in either of two opposite directions would suffice to alter this. Something of the reproach which hung about the clerical office in George Herbert's time as a "mean employment," which, as he said, made clergymen "meanly valued," still clung to the rustic parson. By sinking the external disabilities of his profession by means of such secularities as easy and polished manners, a coat of fashionable cut, and a general air of knowing the world, the parson might become interesting as any other man; he might show himself as much at home in the drawing-room or ball-room as his predecessor did with pipe and tankard in the tavern. Or he might appeal to woman's spiritual nature as no other man could, and awaken her religious enthusiasm. But in the eighteenth century enthusiasm had an ill name among orthodox divines; and with awkward or pedantic manners, and a garb distinct not only in colour but in form, rusty and snuffy when it was not snug, where even the wig had to be clerical, the parson had no equivalent to offer to the feminine imagination for all the personal attractions which her fancy missed in him. Wesley and his followers, having separated themselves from the Church, had no effect on the society of that day. "Stay in the world," he said to a "professor" who did not go his lengths, "there is your sphere; they will not admit such as me." And though time was working its usual transformations, and the clergy were gradually casting off the trammels of old prescriptions, the counteracting influence of French ideas told on literary society, and religion was unfashionable. Miss Edgeworth, severe moralist as she professed herself, and little disposed to enthusiasm, still shows the Church of her day on its repulsive side. At best the clergy, in her eyes, are only respectable and humane dispensers of parish relief; they have no share in the thought of the day. When she speaks of professions, she does not include the clerical. The clergy stand at the antipodes of progress and enlightenment. Buckhurst Falconer in her most characteristic novel, *Patronage*, has some good in him till he is forced by his necessities into the Church in hope of a fat living, which he loses, however, through too much wit, to the sycophant Sloak. Upon this reverse he is driven to marry the inevitable old maid graced by the epithets "beldam" and "curmudgeon," and is promoted by her bishop brother to a demeray, where he presently acquires a "stomach which knows canonical hours," and a shameless cupidity for the temporalities of his office. The authoress allows to her model heroine "a just and becoming sense of religion," but she is raised by divine philosophy far above all illiberal prejudices. Caroline would certainly never lower these high pretensions by asking questions as to the denomination of her magnificent and perfect Count. Hannah More wrote a novel, and of course has an ideal rector, but he falls into the old deifying strain towards his squire, which is familiar only in books, and apologizes for his loquacity when set upon that theme; while she mentions curates only to keep them, or rather their wives, in their places. Mr. Jackson, to be sure, is a humble, diligent assistant, but his wife has to be reminded that between the higher and lower clergy there are the same distinctions of rank as with the laity, and is snubbed for her miserable ambition that her daughter's music should excel that of the rector's daughters.

It was left to Miss Austen to invest the English clergyman with charm enough to be a hero. Whatever low views she may be charged with, however her delineations may come short of that ideal priest, that embodiment of self-devotion, sweetness, and austerity which ladies have since achieved, the meed which Mr. Ruskin accords with grudging fairness to Claude is due also to her. She "set the sun in Heaven," she first ventured to make the parson of fiction interesting to the young imagination of her own sex. We are not aware that man or woman had done this before. Even she did not make this venture at once. In her first novel, *Pride and Prejudice* (written, wonderful to think, at one-and-twenty), she followed a lead. Delightful as Mr. Collins is, he has a touch of Richardson's Elias Brand, and perhaps is nearer caricature than any other of her characters. She wrote for readers who she knew did not care for parsons. Even his coming was not interesting to the more volatile of the sex. The letter which announced him woke no curiosity in Lydia or Kitty. "It was next to impossible that he should come in a red coat, and it was long since they had received pleasure from the society of a man in any other colour." Charlotte Lucas, indeed, makes up to him, but in all but age she is the stock old maid viewing in him her only chance. But Miss Austen was essentially an observer. She wrote from what she knew, and the clergy whom she knew were different beings from any she found in fiction. In *Sense and Sensibility* she takes courage and ventures, apologetically as it were, to make the profession attractive, at least to her sensible heroine. Edward Ferrars has not spirit for fashionable life. His temper is serious, his taste literary. He enters the Church because it favours these tendencies and gives him something to do. His brother Robert, one of Miss Austen's fine family of fools, represents the world's sense of his brother's step. "He laughed most immoderately. The idea of Edward's

being a clergyman and living in a small parsonage-house diverted him beyond measure; and when to that was added the fanciful imagery of Edward reading prayers in a white surplice and publishing the banns of marriage between John Smith and Mary Brown, he could conceive nothing more ridiculous." She is here satirizing a very common joke of the period. In *Northanger Abbey*, which comes third, she takes a step in advance. Edward Ferrars has a sheepish air with him, but Henry Tilney is a wit, a man of fashion as well as sense, and, though good and amiable, embodies the authoress's own sense of folly and absurdity. She does not feel it to be in the novelist's province to show him in his pastoral character; she combats a prejudice; her object is to prove that a clergyman may be the readiest, best-mannered, most witty and distinguished man of the company, and the most agreeable partner in the world at a country dance. Nothing can be more easy and graceful than his talk with Catharine in the ball-room, nothing more playfully satirical of ball-room manners. The reader may remember his ingenious parallel between a country dance and marriage. And he was manly—as accomplished a whip as he was a partner. How happy is Catharine in his curicle, drawing favourable comparisons between him and the inimitable John Thorpe! Henry was never tempted to transgress the decorum of his profession, "yet drove so well, so quietly, without making any disturbance, without parading to her or swearing at them, and then his hat sat so well, and the innumerable capes of his great coat looked so becomingly important." The picture offends such readers as look in a novel for the support of their own views, but in so far as Miss Austen raised the social clerical standing, she incidentally helped on the social weight of the parson in other things. From the ridiculous to the sublime is a much longer journey than the return route, but this was one step of the way. As years passed on she shows a much keener appreciation of the pastoral office. As a girl she had taken all for granted, but in Edmund Bertram we are shown a clergyman sensitive of duty and setting his calling foremost, not as writers with this aim would do now, but making it clear that it *was* foremost. Miss Austen had no ideal characters. Every portrait is a likeness, not of an individual, but of a class. To set up a model parson would have seemed to her an impossible presumption. To wish her to have done so is as great a mistake as to regret her declining the task of glorifying the House of Coburg.

Except as thus taking the initiative, we can scarcely class Miss Austen among the crowd of fair wielders of the pen who have since taken the clergy under their adoring patronage. The worship is unquestionably on the decline. The fall may be headlong, but feminine sentiment for many a year has found no more congenial theme and object than the high-minded and high-born curate or youthful rector, endowed with all the gifts of nature and fortune, and bent on sacrificing them all in the lowliest service—a sharp contrast of graces and base surroundings only to be figured by Miss Coutts's Columbia Market in Shoreditch.

Miss Brontë, too, was a clergyman's daughter, finding in the order attractive subjects for her pencil, though here the parallel stops. A life-long grudge against one clergyman was clearly a main impulse with her in attempting authorship at all. *Jane Eyre* was probably planned to avenge—in her portrait of Mr. Brocklehurst, the directing genius of Lowood—the supposed wrongs of a sister. But in *Shirley* we find her satire more lenient, and even genial. Helmore, the rector, is very much her favourite. His Wellington physiognomy, his courage, his power of getting his own way, recommend him to her liking in spite of his having been an indifferent husband to the wife who chose him, while still a curate, out of many admirers, "his office probably investing him with some of the illusion necessary to allure to the commission of matrimony." Miss Brontë was accustomed to see in the clergy, if not always the leading spirits, yet the most generally interesting members, of such society as she knew, and as such she gives them prominence while allowing her humour its freest scope. Her three curates performing their triangle of visits to one another, rushing backwards and forwards amongst themselves to and from their respective lodgings, and wrangling for ever on points of ecclesiastical discipline, are spared in none of their weaknesses; but she nevertheless makes them the eligible *partis* of the young ladies of their joint circle. Little Mr. Sweeting with a Miss Sykes on each side making much of him, with a dish of tarts before him, and crumpet and marmalade on his plate, was happy as any monarch. And though Malone tying his knees together in an inextricable tangle with his handkerchief in the endeavour to make himself agreeable to the heiress falls with her, we are not to suppose him often repulsed. Miss Brontë had little of the feminine sympathy and reverence for the office, but the clergy must necessarily play a conspicuous part in the fiction of women of genius of secluded lives, who have lived where their sway and social supremacy is acknowledged as it is in remote, or at least out-of-the-way, districts. It was not all through good will that they were driven to them. The later works of George Eliot might otherwise make us wonder why the clergy take so conspicuous a lead in her earlier fiction, why her first appearance before the world should have been in *Scenes of Clerical Life*. We may even suppose that the first touch, the impulse which awoke her genius, was given in the study of the clerical character, especially as offering the impulse to religious enthusiasm. In *Janet's Repentance* we have an illustration of the enthusiasm, half for the cause, half for the teacher, for which women have been ridiculed, and which the female novelist has all along pictured, condoned, indulged in, encouraged, caught as a congenial theme,

treated with a sympathy which men have no turn for. In this most striking story is a very delicate, tenderly admiring, sympathetic portrait of the young, ardent, and sensitive evangelical clergyman in the early persecuting days, when women alone listened to his teaching and were his first converts, half through religious conviction, and half through admiration for the teacher and pity for his trials. The opening scene, where a party of women jealous of each other, and so far self-deceivers, widows, old maids (of the early and late autumn varieties), fair young converts, all assembled for pious purposes, sit watching for the arrival of the teacher who had effected such a change in thought and feeling in them all, gave us our first impression of the genius of the writer. While she satirized, there was yet full recognition of the fact that these poor women were under the spell of the best specimen of man that had yet fallen in their way. He was not only young, handsome, and interesting, but he was a revelation to them of nobler motives and a purer life than it had come in their way to dream of before. It was not all illusion; vanity and selfishness were conflicting powers against newly awakened aims and honest longings for better things.

Current literature, as represented by its feminine contributors, still overflows, shall we say, with the clerical element, whether in sympathy or otherwise. We have the *Brave Lady* from one prolific pen, with her worthless, disgraceful clerical husband; we have a long catena of clergymen—curates, rectors, doubters, enthusiasts—from the inexhaustible genius of Mrs. Oliphant, who finds a perpetual stimulus to her invention in the shifting religious problems of the day. Nothing is apparently more exciting to her fancy than the clash and conflict of religion and the world, of the new with the old, inquiry with authority, spiritual zeal with earthly love—nothing she likes better to enlarge upon than the turmoil, the surging sway, of opposing passions in the youthful curate's bosom, his soul in perpetual seething effervescence, his pulse always at fever point; the eager heart for ever looking out of bewildered, questioning, earnest, far-seeing, eloquent eyes. The curate of the day can hardly know himself under these ardent impersonations, but yet he must get to think himself a very fine fellow if he furnishes such a never-ending theme for a pen of no average power.

And, after all, the gravely religious didactic novelist remains, to whom the clerical office presents the only profession where there is absolute freedom of choice. Miss Sewell—wise, judicious, and safe as she is—has an excellent mother, who announces early in the life of her son that if he chooses any other calling than the clerical she shall die, and when he follows bad courses and declines to take orders she is stricken down, not so much, as it seems, because of the bad courses as because her dedication of him is frustrated. The authoress of this school, however, from mere reverence, often forbears any close delineation, or crowds together so many perfections that the model clergyman is rather a catalogue than a character. A negligent or easy or secular parson is too bad for her canvas; he can only be hinted at as a misfortune in himself, and the cause of that state of disorder and Church decadence which it is the object of the tale to restore to decency or beauty. We do not quarrel with this, but only assign it as the reason why no striking clergyman, none instinct with the characteristic powers of the writer, occurs to us.

This is a large theme. To do justice to the priority of woman in this field we have been forced to give her precedence, and even a slight and most inadequate survey of her long labour of love has engrossed all our space. If we enter into the treatment of the parson by man as novelist it must be in a separate paper.

THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

THE illustrious "Forty" of the French Academy are seldom more than thirty-six or thirty-seven, and the *fauteuils*, or armchairs, which they are supposed to occupy, and which are never so famous as when they are vacant, are literally nothing but benches. The number is nominal, the seats are imaginary; is the honour as shadowy as the number and as mythical as the seats? In an assembly so select in quantity and in quality, and inevitably composed for the most part of veterans, the few but frequent vacancies are not so remarkable as the longevity of the survivors. There seems to be something of the proverbial virtue of an annuity in an honour which preserves Academicians, especially the obscurest of them, beyond the common mortal span. Or is it something in the atmosphere, the aspect and the furniture of the Palais Mazarin, that is peculiarly favourable to the duration of a certain order of mummies, something of faded grandeur, of sepulchral silence, of secure desecration? As a general rule, no men (except perhaps some lawyers) live so long as Academicians. Yet out of forty seats three or four are almost always vacant by death. When one of the Forty dies, there is a languid movement of public curiosity for a day or two. People ask who he was and what he wrote, and the discovery of his works is like the opening of an Etruscan tomb. A breath of air scatters all that remained of form and likeness into a handful of dust, and it does not often happen that the literary shroud of the deceased encloses a grain of wheat to ripen in a distant age and nourish an unborn generation. Ever since the Academy was founded by that eminent dramatist and *littérateur* Cardinal Richelieu, it has, generally speaking, obeyed the constant and classical traditions. It has been a political, religious, or social coterie; it has looked coldly on literature as a profession and a class. Brilliant exceptions, past

and present, will readily occur to the reader. But these exceptions may be counted upon the fingers, and to these exceptions may now be added Jules Janin, the *doyen* of dramatic critics, the inexhaustible weekly feuilletonist, the true literary enthusiast and devotee, and one of the latest and liveliest translators of Horace.

For one Voltaire, one Mignet, one Lamartine, one Victor Hugo reluctantly admitted within the sacred *penetralia* of these Immortals, how many a Diderot, a Quinet, a Michelet, a Balzac have achieved immortality outside. That qualification which, according to Horace, neither gods nor men nor booksellers allow to poets, the Forty have preferred in their candidates. Some of the most eminent writers may no doubt have always been found among them, but these writers—historians, poets, or essayists—were for the most part statesmen, ecclesiastics, or personages of distinction in society. Literature may be said to have been worn as an occasional costume or ornament by the illustrious Company, rather than as the dress of every day. Even to have written and published is not an indispensable test of fitness for a *fauteuil*. To have written and published in leisure moments for recreation, and not as a business and for profit; to have written and published with a supreme indifference to "the general reader," what is usually reserved for private circulation—such has been the more or less conscious and habitual characteristic of aspirants to the semi-mortuary glories of the Palais Mazarin. Without laying too much stress upon the incessant epigrams and raileries which have assailed the Academy, from the comedy of St. Evremond to the epitaph of Piron, and from Chamfort's chapter *Des savants et des gens de lettres*, to some biting paragraph in "to-day's paper," it is not very difficult to understand how Richelieu's institution has obeyed in this respect the intentions of the founder. The great Cardinal, it is true, wrote plays, and was probably quite as sensitive to literary criticism as to political insubordination. He constituted the French Academy by royal letters patent; he invented neither the name nor the thing; the Greeks had given the one and the Italians the other. He had only to permit the Academy, under his patronage and protection, to construct itself out of the quasi-literary coteries which were meeting in various noble houses, and whose independence, reaching perhaps to an inconvenient degree of liberty of thought and speech, it was desirable to invest with the responsibility of a privilege and the sanction of the State. No salary attaching to the honour, and consequently no service, it was eagerly sought by the highest persons in the kingdom. About thirty years later Colbert, who was an Academician, proposed to make his literary brethren useful in composing inscriptions for public monuments, and out of a committee appointed for the purpose, and including Racine and Boileau, arose the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles Lettres, which now forms one of the five separate sections of the Institute. To this was added, in 1663, an Academy of Sciences, also founded by Colbert. After the death of that great Minister the Academies of Inscriptions and of Science were reorganized, in three classes of honorary, paid, and student members, and placed under the immediate dependence of the Secretary of State. The same conditions were proposed to "The Academy" Proper, and indignantly rejected. The designation of "Academy," as Voltaire complains, became horribly vulgarized by application to the opera, to gambling clubs, to riding and fencing schools, but "The Academy," he considers, has rendered great service to the language. Voltaire, we know, was not particularly scrupulous in paying compliments to persons whom he heartily despised, and to institutions he was labouring to destroy. As one of the Forty his tribute to the services of the Academy may have been tolerably sincere. Yet nearly a century after his death one is tempted to inquire what services the Academy has rendered to the French language. Originally commissioned to produce the Classic French Dictionary, it has arrived, we believe, at the sixth letter of the alphabet in the course of two centuries and a quarter, and at the fifth edition of a dictionary of common use, compiled under its auspices; while in the course of a single life devoted to science and consumed in the severest daily and nightly studies, M. Littré, who is not a member of the Academy, is steadily and surely accomplishing by his own unassisted exertions a classical and phraseological dictionary of the French language, unexampled in comprehensiveness and completeness. How comes it that M. Littré, whose reputation for learning and science is European, and whose single-minded self-devotion has never been surpassed in a Benedictine monastery, remains one of the most conspicuous among the rejected of the Academy? Simply because M. Littré's political and philosophical opinions are distasteful to the clerical and political coterie predominant in the Palais Mazarin. To be the author of the amplest and best French dictionary is no atonement in the eyes of a majority of these guardians and censors of the national literature for the offence of being an expounder of Positivism and a Republican. The absence of M. Littré from the Academy is even more remarkable than that of many historians, essayists, and humourists whose works are the common possession of the whole civilized world, since it is to M. Littré alone that France will owe the fulfilment (if happily his life is spared a few years longer) of that great national enterprise with which the Academy was charged more than two centuries ago.

Perhaps the safest literary qualification for the Academy is the one which has often secured admission to a London club—to be utterly unknown. Next to that is the advantage of belonging to a certain party in Church or State. The elders of the literary Academicians (as distinguished from their political and religious brethren) who

have been dying off one by one within the last few years, dated from the period of the First Empire, and had committed nothing worse in a literary way than translations in rhymed Alexandrines from the Latin poets. Such was the estimable M. de Pongerville, whose existence as one of the Forty was suddenly discovered the other day when he died. For twenty M. de Pongerville take one Sainte-Beuve, and there is your Academy ready made. M. de Pongerville, however, was stringing his harmless Alexandrines together at a time when no other literature was printed in his country, and although even the First Napoleon in his reconstruction of the Institute shrank from destroying Richelieu's creation, it was to the Pongervilles rather than to the Chateaubriands that the Academy owed its safety. Whatever its pretensions as a body of men of letters, it has always assumed an air of independence "on the premises," whatever might be the personal and political connexions of its members out of doors. Between the period of the First and the Second Empire, if the Academy contrived to reject purely literary candidates, whose election would have been pronounced with enthusiasm by popular suffrage, it admitted candidates whose fame in the literature of Europe no Academy could give or take away. Such names as Chateaubriand, Guizot, Thiers, Mignet, Sainte-Beuve, Victor Hugo, Villemain, Saint-Marc Girardin, are sufficient to redeem a world of Pongervilles. Under the Second Empire it has deserved both ill and well of the country; it has deserved well by becoming the sanctuary of moral resistance to the surrounding political and social degradation; it has deserved ill by surrendering itself to the ascendancy of clerical intolerance, by closing its doors more obstinately than ever against pure literary distinction and the independence of philosophical speculation. It has elected a Montalembert, a Lacordaire, and a Gratry; but when it chose a Dupanloup it chose, not the future antagonist of Papal infallibility, but the denouncer of free thought in the person of M. Littré. Nor when the Academy once and again admits a man of letters is the choice exercised so much by his literary merits as by his social recommendations. All the world of European playgoers owe a debt of gratitude to M. Scribe, but it may be doubted whether the dialogue of his innumerable charming comedies or vaudevilles can be treated as a text for schools, or a model of correct and classical French. M. Emile Augier's productions are of a different, and in point of style (though not of dramatic ingenuity), of a much higher, order. It was probably not altogether on account of the merits of his admirably clear and harmonious style that M. Prevost-Paradol was elected to the Academy at an unusually early age; but, in rewarding the brilliant journalist who had suffered the sentence of a Correctional Court, the Academy were enabled to disguise an act of political opposition under a just recognition of the very rare literary merits of his pen. Political rather than literary considerations decided the election of M. Berryer and M. Jules Favre. M. Berryer, the greatest advocate and orator of his country and his age, had never published a line. M. Jules Favre, scarcely inferior to M. Berryer at the Bar and at the tribune, had published nothing but a collection of Parliamentary speeches; the Academical quality of M. Jules Favre's eloquence, the roundness and smoothness of his phrases, the fineness of the irony, and the polish of the declamation, would classify his speeches as compositions. M. Berryer's oratory was eminently occasional, all action and inspiration. But ought not the Academy to acknowledge eloquence in all its variety of manifestations among the chief titles to its suffrages?

The Second Empire has on the whole proved decidedly beneficial to the French Academy, by stimulating its activity, exciting its public spirit, and lending to its moral and intellectual prestige the force of concentration and of contrast. When the tribune was hushed and the press reduced to silence, the *élite* of French society crowded to the Palais Mazarin to listen to the accents of a generous and sorrowful indignation, and to taste the bitterness of a refined disdain. The author of the Life of Cæsar could do everything but suppress the Academy or occupy one of its *fauteuils*, while the Correctional Court was a bridge of triumph, over which the ablest orators and writers of the "old parties" passed into the company of the Immortals.

Will the liberal transformation of Imperialism and the restoration of Parliamentary Government and public liberty deprive the Academy of the somewhat factitious *éclat* of the last eighteen years? Will the venerable relics of the old parties who give the tone to the Forty resign themselves to the position of "His Majesty's servants," without portfolios, honorary courtiers in Academic livery? These questions are naturally asked in Paris when it is announced that M. Emile Ollivier has been elected to the vacant Chair of Lamartine under the patronage of M. Guizot, and that the venerable statesman who brought the constitutional monarchy to ruin has christened the comparatively juvenile Minister of Justice of the Liberal Empire "a practical Lamartine." M. Emile Ollivier is undoubtedly gifted with eloquence; a neat, fluent, flowery, and sometimes even solemn parliamentary speaker, he is apt, as Keats said of himself, to "pursue fine phrases like a lover." Having done homage to oratory in Berryer and Jules Favre, the Academy may think fit to do homage to the ready tongue of a converted Republican and a Liberal Imperialist in the person of the successful author of those singular chapters of autobiography published under the title of "The Nineteenth of January." It may seem good to the Academy to offer its moral support to M. Emile Ollivier's arduous and anxious enter-

prise as a Minister of State by signing its reconciliation with the Second Empire in his name. Will it advance further in that direction by electing the biographer of Cæsar? Perhaps it will draw the line at M. Rouher, and it may fairly wait until the Life of Cæsar is completed.

As disinterested observers we confess we should be glad to take the latest "reception" at the Academy as a type of similar solemnities to come. Nothing was wanting on that occasion to the traditions of the Company. A literary reputation unknown, except as a jest, beyond the *salle* of the Academy and a small circle of friends outside, embalmed in countless unsaleable volumes of epic poems, classical tragedies, satires, epistles, and odes "after" Latin models, and fables "after" *Æsop* and *La Fontaine*, was committed to the grave (in which the epics and the rest of the heavy literary baggage had preceded it), with all the decent and dignified formalities of an *Éloge*, interspersed with delightful passages of bantering compassion, by a charming master of the choicest literary criticism. Poor old M. Viennet was academically interred by M. Saint-Marc Girardin:—

His saltem accumulæ donis, et fungar inani
Munere.

M. Viennet was, however, a "character." In youth and early manhood he had served in the Marine Artillery, and won the cross of honour by his bravery in action, and suffered captivity in the hulks at Plymouth. His life had once been saved in battle by an unfinished MS. epic under his coat, which had met and turned the enemy's bullet. Once, during the war in Germany, he had been granted four days' leave of absence to finish a poem in the style of the *Henriade*. Another time, when his apartments were ransacked by the police in search of treasonable matter, he locked his door and compelled his visitors to hear him read one of his epics through. The imperfect appreciation of his works by the general public never discouraged this amiable enthusiast, and throughout his career, as Deputy, as Peer of France, in war and in peace, he never failed to find comfort and satisfaction in writing what he knew perfectly well no mortal man would ever care to read. At an advanced age he completed a national epic, of which the hero was *Francus*, the legendary son of Hector and Andromache, and founder of the French race. He wrote tragedy on tragedy—never acted, or acted but once. But all his disappointments were amply redeemed by his election to the Academy, where he was always sure of an audience, and once every year at the meeting of all the five sections of the Institute he had the supreme rapture of reciting, with infinite zest and spirit, his last new Fable. We cannot pretend to speak of M. Viennet's literary productions from personal acquaintance, but we have heard very competent judges affirm that justice had not been done to them by his countrymen; and that some of his Satires and Epistles, and especially his Fables, possessed real merit, and deserved a better fate, for their vigorous and shrewd observations of life and society, their vein of wit, and their easy and correct versification. His favourite aversion was the romantic school, and his horror of Victor Hugo's dramas and poems, and of Victor Hugo's followers and disciples, was the ruling passion of his life. He desired to die "between two hemistichs," and his prayer was fulfilled; he was reciting his own poetry with his latest breath, and writing it as long as he could hold a pen. M. Saint-Marc's account of this monumental Academical was but a preface to the "reception" of Count Haussonville, an Academician of a very different type, who added some exquisitely humorous touches to the biography of his predecessor. The eminent Professor of the Sorbonne may well have congratulated himself on his good fortune in introducing the historian of the Reunion of the Lorraine with France, of the Foreign Policy of France from 1803 to 1848, of the Roman Church and the First Empire. These are no ephemeral works, but destined and deserving to endure; they are marked on every page with the discernment and reflection of the statesman and the diplomatist, inspired throughout by a noble patriotic sympathy, a lofty love of justice and liberty, and a severe integrity of conscience. The last more especially is the fruit of long and careful labour, and of diligent research; as the first complete statement of the negotiations which the official compilers of the Napoleon Correspondence have done their best by dint of ingenious suppressions to misinterpret and misrepresent, it must fill a lasting-place in every political library. Count Haussonville might have claimed a seat among the Forty in more than one capacity; as son-in-law of the Duc de Broglie, as a faithful and valued public servant of the State under the constitutional monarchy, as a Liberal faithful to his past convictions in evil times, as a national historian. The French Academy would be less exposed to the derision of the men of letters whom it rejects, and to the contempt of the public who cannot appreciate its labours, if it could show so just a cause for every choice it makes as for the choice of Count Haussonville. Would not the Company be well advised to take advantage of a season of political reconciliation to admit a few men of letters, pure and simple, to its ranks, and to recognise beyond the limits of political and religious coteries the existence of French writers who, if they have not always preserved the strictest academical correctness of style, or the strictest orthodoxy in doctrine, have bestowed upon their native language a dominion as wide as the civilized world?

MR. DISRAELI'S PROMISED NOVEL.

MR. DISRAELI has provided a new sensation for a jaded public. The English mind was startled when a retired novelist became Prime Minister. It has been not less surprised at the announcement that a retired Prime Minister is about again to become a novelist. The combination of authorship with politics is not indeed unexampled, or even rare, in our age and country. Lord Russell's entire career has been marked by incessant and varied literary activity. When the late Lord Derby published his translation of the *Iliad*; when Mr. Gladstone issued his work on *Homer and the Homeric Age* and his *Juventus Mundi*; and when Sir George Cornewall Lewis gave to the world the researches into the *Astronomy of the Ancients* and the *Credibility of the Early Roman History* with which he had enlivened his leisure hours, their countrymen felt satisfaction in these proofs of intellectual energy and versatility on the part of men who had administered the highest offices of State, and were still taking a prominent position in Parliament. History and classical learning have, however, been the permitted resources of public men. They are deemed to be on a level with the dignity of statesmanship. But novels, except as a form of youthful indiscretion, do not usually receive similar indulgence. The English novelist is ranked in some stiff-necked and high-cravatted circles with the Oriental story-teller, not to speak of the mediæval jester, as a being paid to be amusing. Indian princes are said to feel some difficulty in understanding how it is that reputable English ladies do not leave dancing to Nautch-girls. There are country gentlemen on both sides of Parliament who fail to see why the latest Conservative Prime Minister of England should not leave novel-writing to Mr. Dickens and Mr. Trollope, and other professional writers. Mr. Disraeli might perhaps reply that he was a gentleman of the press before he was First Lord of the Treasury, and repeat his honourable vaunt about his only escutcheon. Shortly after his appointment to the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer in Lord Derby's first Administration, he presided at the annual dinner of the Literary Fund. Challenged by Mr. Thackeray, he declined to say whether the pursuits of literature or of affairs were most to his mind. But in Mr. Disraeli's case the distinction is not very marked. His novels, or at any rate the ablest and best known among them, have been those of a politician. His politics have been those of a romancer. Vivian Grey's dreams have been realized in Mr. Disraeli's career. There is scarcely anything in Captain Popenilla's adventures more remarkable than some of the things which have befallen Captain Popenilla's biographer. The chapter of history which shall faithfully record Mr. Disraeli's literary and political life will be more startling and piquant than his fictions.

One thing is certain. During the first weeks of May all England will be occupied in a single absorbing employment. It will be reading Mr. Disraeli's new novel. Messrs. Longman may find it desirable to guard their publishing offices in Paternoster Row by a strong body of police. At Mudie's it will be necessary to form a *queue*, as at the doors of a French theatre. Lord Shaftesbury and his friends of Exeter Hall will do well to take counsel together as to the propriety of postponing the May Meetings. Managers of more profane entertainments will perhaps find that it is not worth while to keep the play-houses open. Members of both Houses, instead of reading public Bills, will be reading Mr. Disraeli's novel a first and second time, and referring it to extemporized Select Committees of talk and criticism; possibly it may even reach a third reading, and receive the Royal approval. If Mr. Disraeli had announced that, on Monday, the 2nd of May, he would sing at the Opera, dance on a tight-rope at the Crystal Palace, or preach a sermon at Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle, popular surprise and curiosity would not be more strongly roused than they have been by the advertisement that on that day will be published "*Lothair*." By the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P. 3 vols. post 8vo."

If May is likely to be occupied in reading the book, a great part of April will be employed in guessing at its subject. "*Lothair*?" Well! "By the Right Hon. B. Disraeli, M.P." Ah! There is not much clue to the matter and purpose of the volumes in these disclosures. In his first speech on the Irish Land Bill Mr. Disraeli declared that he did not pledge himself to approval of anything beyond the title of the Bill, and that he reserved judgment as to its contents. This attitude of impartial and hopeful curiosity is the posture which public expectation assumes with respect to Mr. Disraeli's new novel. It is true that he has disclosed something more than the title. The motto which is inscribed upon the title-page is announced. It is not easy to make a forecast of a sermon simply from hearing the text, because very often the text has nothing to do with the sermon. It is a sort of grace before meat, a bow upon entering the stage, a symbol of deference to the authority of Scripture, and therefore often omitted by Roman Catholic divines, akin to the submission which Romanist authors make of the contents of their works to the judgment of the Church. It is little more now than a kind of preliminary salutation. In what form of words it is discharged matters little. According to Sterne any text will suit any sermon. Cappadocia, Pontus and Asia, Phrygia and Pamphylia, was, in his view, as good a text as any in the Bible. An author's motto usually means, however, something more than a preacher's text. The lay writer is not obliged to take a motto at all; and when he fixes upon one, he may be credited with a purpose. Mr. Disraeli has gone to Terence, or—to give the unfortunate poet, as Mr. Disraeli pro-

perly does, the two syllables to which he is entitled, but of which his name has been docked—Terentius. "*Nosce hæc omnia salus est adolescentulis*." What are the *hæc omnia* acquaintance with which is to be the salvation of our youth? Mr. Disraeli's message to the young men of the period will be looked for with the utmost eagerness. *Coningsby* expounded the hopes and the mission of "the New Generation"; *Tancred* preached "the New Crusade." Is *Lothair* to set forth the New Gospel?—the Gospel according to Disraeli. Nearly a quarter of a century has passed since his last novel was published. The Asian Mystery which was there propounded to the acceptance of faith is now possibly to be revealed to the comprehension of the higher reason. If Mr. Disraeli's text is to be interpreted in the light of the context, and the *hæc omnia* of *Lothair* are to be identified with the *hæc omnia* of the Latin play, these lofty expectations will need to be seriously diminished. *Lothair* will, in this case, be little more than a translation into a three-volume novel of Hogarth's paintings of the *Rake's Progress*. The *hæc omnia* which the wily slave prided himself on having taught his master were the *meretricium ingenia et mores*, their neatness and delicacy out of doors and their sordid squalor at home, in order that the youth knowing them early he might hate them to the end of his life. It is not probable that Mr. Disraeli has written a novel to enforce the objects dear to the promoters of Midnight Meetings, or those of the Society for the Protection of Women. As Sterne's typical sermon had nothing to do with its text, so Mr. Disraeli's text cannot properly be interpreted by its context.

In default of light from this quarter, we are launched again on the sea of conjecture. Is *Lothair* to be a veiled autobiography? Confessions are in the fashion now. Does Mr. Disraeli intend to illustrate, from his own experience, his own epigrammatic view of life, and to show that youth is a blunder, manhood a struggle, and old age a regret. From Solomon to Benjamin Disraeli, from the King of Israel to the Prime Minister of England, there is a vast interval both in time and in some other respects. But this phrase is an echo of the wisdom of Solomon, and of much worldly wisdom, Jewish and Christian besides. Mr. Disraeli is as near to his seventieth as to his sixtieth year. In his new novel possibly old experience will attain to something of prophetic strain. Vivian Grey's history, though it ran through five circulating library volumes, is one of the unfinished works of literature. Did Vivian in the end become a political leader, Chancellor of the Exchequer, and Prime Minister? Will *Lothair* tell, *mutato nomine*, his future fortunes? As we have before said, nearly a quarter of a century has passed since Mr. Disraeli's latest novel was published. Since then its author has seen from within the official life which he formerly described from without. His mind cannot but have become stored with characters, situations, incidents, and reflections. Is the pencil which drew Mr. Rigby, Mr. Vavasour, Lord Henry Sydney, Mr. Tadpole and Mr. Taper, about to attempt more ambitious tasks? Mr. Disraeli has for many years sat opposite to or side by side with great and remarkable men, of some of whom from time to time he has, in his speeches, favoured the world with telling sketches, drawn at a single stroke. During the past quarter of a century the Conservative party has been broken into pieces and built up from its ruins, mainly through his agency. It has become possessed of new ideas and works towards new ends, chiefly of Mr. Disraeli's suggestion. Is *Lothair* to be an exposition of the New Policy, and a justification, forestalling the disclosure of historic secrets, of its author's political conduct? A manifesto of Tory democracy would be timely instruction to the Tory *adolescentuli*, who have always been the objects of Mr. Disraeli's affectionate hope. The original Young England has become middle-aged, and indeed survives only in the person of Lord John Manners. A new Young England, a sort of corporate Telemachus, needs to be created, of whom Mr. Disraeli will be the Mentor. It has long been Mr. Disraeli's opinion that in the strife of factions two great existences, the monarch and the multitude, have been blotted out of the history of England. It is the mission, we presume, of Tory democracy to restore them. Whatever may be Mr. Disraeli's didactic aim in the novel which is to tell the youth of England what it is profitable for them to know, he cannot write three volumes which will be wanting in piquant sketches of character and in brilliant flashes of wit. In the comedy from which he has taken his motto, the line "*Nosce omnia hæc salus est adolescentulis*" provokes the rejoinder;

Ego, pol, te pro istis dietis et factis, scelus,
Ulciscar, ut ne impune in nos illuseris.

It is possible that Mr. Disraeli's novel may provoke a like good-humoured impulse to take vengeance upon the roguish author for what he has said and done, so that he may not make fun of his victims with complete impunity.

THE ORGANIZATION OF CHARITY.

II.

THERE is certainly no one social phenomenon in England more noteworthy than the devotion of money, time, and attention on the part of the rich, or the comparatively rich, to the interests of the poor. It is not that old men or middle-aged men, soured by the disappointments of life, have betaken themselves to works of charity as a last resource, and seek, by spending money on others, either to make atonement for the money they have formerly spent on themselves, or to purchase a mental gratification which

has hitherto been denied them. It is rather that men in the prime of life, with the capacity or the opportunities of pleasure, or with the interests and occupations of professions, find time to attend to the poor, to visit them in their abodes, to inquire into their histories and relieve their distress. At this moment there are guardians, barristers, clerks in public offices, who not only give up a certain portion of their time to the duty of charitable visitation, but who even take up their domicile in the dreariest parts of the metropolis, return to their lodgings from the West End every evening, and there, in districts long familiar to indigence, bestow hours and hours in sifting applications for relief and endeavouring to apportion judicious aid to the most urgent and meritorious of the applicants.

It would be as unwise as it would be ungenerous to disparage a sentiment evincing so much self-sacrifice. In an age which is daily illustrated by acts of the hardest and most brutal selfishness this devotion of self is peculiarly cheering and refreshing. And it has its material or political uses also. It bridges over the gulf which separates poverty from wealth. When the poor see that men who have money enough to buy the most seductive pleasures, or business wherewith to earn sufficient money, give up business and pleasure for them and their interests, their hearts are softened towards a class which they may hitherto have regarded with suspicion, envy, and dislike. A more kindly sentiment grows up which insensibly leavens the intercourse of classes, and softens, if it does not prevent, the threatened collision between them. But, like every other good thing, this anticipative charity has its evils. It tends to provoke the very mischief it seeks to cure. When well-to-do gentlemen go about seeking wounds to heal and misery to relieve, it is indeed hard if the wounds and the misery are not there ready to meet them. Of course we do not mean to insinuate that the supply and demand are in exact proportion, or that, if there were no benevolence, there would be no misery. All that we imply is, that this promptitude of benevolence does administer a certain stimulus to the impetus of solicitation, and does somewhat impair the solidity of self-dependence. It is the inevitable consequence which makes the "organization of charity" more necessary than ever. There is far too great a sense of helplessness, and far too strong a tendency to rely on others, among the poorer classes in England, to make it safe to dispense with the most jealous supervision of poverty and the most discriminating concession of relief. We know, from authority which we cannot distrust, that, in proportion as the benevolence of the charitable becomes vigilant, the solicitations of the poor become importunate and their self-reliance inert. The indigence of East London has gone on increasing in a direct ratio with the efforts to relieve it. Unless great judgment be applied, it will become rooted and permanent.

If the whole relief of London distress were to be left exclusively to charitable organizations, we should tremble for the result. None of them—not even the best constituted—could grapple with it unaided. Some men would be too idle, others too occupied, others too anxious, others too gushing, others too impatient, to administer the just proportion of aid to the clamorous and multitudinous poor. As to dispensing with the assistance of the Poor-law altogether, as some persons profess to desire, that would simply bring about a chaos. And chaos will come if private associations trench on the duties of the Poor-law. That they will do this there seems some reason to apprehend. They can do this in two ways. They do it when they assume the care of cases which properly belong to the Poor-law, but which the Poor-law neglects. They also do this when they give co-ordinate relief in cases which the Poor-law does relieve. Nor are their motives far to seek. When people hear that a man has applied in vain to the Guardians for succour and has gone back to his empty garret to die there, or when a woman and child are found dying, starved by the insufficiency of parochial relief, it is no wonder if charitable agencies rush forward to give the aid which is refused in the one case, or to supplement that which is afforded in the other. Hence come confusion and multiplication of relief; hence, too, competing demands for it. Need this be so? We think not. The English Poor-law, distinct from every other European law in this respect, provides the means of subsistence for all who are incapable of earning it, whether through want of strength to work or want of employment. In all cases of helpless destitution the English pauper has a house to shelter him and food to eat. This provision at once sweeps away a huge catalogue of cases out of the domain of private charity, personal or associated. It ought, then, to be the rule that the parochial rates should alone bear all chronic cases of infirm and helpless destitution. Still there must remain many cases for the agency of charity strictly so called. Respectable mechanics or servants long out of employment; small shopkeepers impoverished by the indigence of their ordinary customers; persons of a higher class, reduced by uncontrollable events to extreme poverty—all these would come within the sphere of charitable action. For some a small grant of money, for others a temporary loan, to redeem clothes or tools out of pawn, for others the means of returning to their own homes, or even of emigrating, might be provided. For none of these objects can our or any Poor-law provide. A judicious division of labour would satisfy the exigencies of the law and of benevolence equally. Why is not the division made? Here comes the great difficulty. The Poor-law has not done its work in some respects; it has done more than its work in others. It has not sent into the poor-house those who had a right to go there; and it has given outdoor relief to thousands who had

no claim to it whatever. Thus a system has grown up of giving insufficient money relief, which is eked out by alms. In every Union of London there are hundreds of poor people who eke out rates with alms, and alms with rates; who make their poorest neighbours contribute to the rent of the houses in which they continue to live, and who combine the incongruous conditions of householders and mendicants. This is the crying evil of our Poor-law administration. This is the special ulcer which calls for the most rigorous application of the knife. So long as rates are spread over a large surface of out-door relief, so long they will only foster the mendicant habits of the recipients, while they leave cases of extreme distress untouched. We are not ignorant of the difficulties which under ordinary circumstances beset Guardians. We know the unwillingness of the best among the poor to go into the Workhouse, and we also know their anxious desire to get relief outside the Workhouse. Nor are we unaware that the conditions of in-door relief are such as to deter the most reputable of the poor from accepting it. There is not only the breaking up of the home—a very serious thing of itself—but there is something more calculated to excite our sympathy than that. The majority of the Workhouse inmates are persons whose history, habits, and characters make them very unfit companions for decent and honest folks. There can be nothing more degrading for men and women of reputable lives than to find themselves reduced to herd with the obscene mob of ordinary paupers. It is this which repels the best poor from the poor-house, and induces them to commute their legal right for an illegal dole of money. The Guardians on their part willingly accede to an arrangement which, because it is cheaper at the moment, they do not perceive to be demoralizing and corrupting. We can see only one remedy for this. If the same class of persons who devote themselves with admirable zeal to the organization of charity would only become candidates for the guardianship of the poor, and if the ratepayers would have the good sense to elect them, we might expect to see the right line of separation drawn between charitable and Poor-law relief. In that case it might be possible to effect such a new classification of the inmates of the poor-house as would reconcile the more respectable of the permanently destitute to a lot from which they now shrink as worse than death. If this were done, the cases of out-door relief might be reduced to a minimum. Those temporary cases to which we have referred would then properly come into the sphere of charitable agencies, and would cease to be a burden on the rates. The loafing and inefficient workman who had previously eked out wages with rates and rates with wages would have to make his final selection between working out of the house and working in the house. If he were admitted, it would be into a class inferior to that which contained the more unfortunate of the reputable poor.

We believe that with new Guardians, who brought an intelligent experience to the performance of their important duties, this necessary change might be effected. But without this new classification we believe that the whole treatment of the poor will continue to be muddle and waste. The latest returns show that we have 36,000 paupers in the metropolitan workhouses, and 110,000 outside, in a population of a little over three millions. This is about five per cent. of the whole population. But to these must be added the recipients of annual gifts of some kind or other, which, at the very lowest estimate, cannot amount to less than 4,000,000*l.* It is inconceivable that there should be twenty per cent. more in the receipt of alms, or twenty-five per cent. on the whole receiving statutable and charitable relief. We must therefore suppose that very many persons are getting relief both from the rates and from charities. If this is so, it is not pleasant to contemplate the London of the future. A wealthy capital which by huge largesses degrades its working classes into a ravenous proletariat is a danger not only to its own inhabitants, but to the whole empire. And this danger we shall see realized soon, unless the administration of the metropolitan Poor-law is vested in the hands of men intelligent enough to discern the results, and firm enough to check the development, of prodigal liberality and thriftless self-indulgence.

PAPAL IMPARTIALITY.

IT may be true, as has been sometimes observed, that the present controversy at Rome has brought out with remarkable clearness one distinctive difference between French and German national character. To the German mind the first and most conclusive objection to the new dogma which suggests itself is that it is demonstrably false; to the French Liberal Catholic the main grievance is that the grand old traditions of the Gallican Church and nation are being insulted and set at naught. Still this difference in the way of looking at things has its limits. Father Gratry at least has challenged the truth of the infallibilist theory with a logic as incisive, if not with so profound a learning, as Döllinger or "Janus." And there is a very striking article in last Sunday's *Allgemeine Zeitung* on the practical results which would follow in Germany from the definition. The dilemma, as stated by the writer, is no doubt serious enough in a social and political as well as a religious point of view. A decree carried, in defiance of all precedent, by a majority only of the Council, could not, he observes, be considered morally binding, and one alternative would be a fresh schism, the full consequences of which, direct and indirect, it is difficult to gauge with any precision beforehand, but they could not fail to be very far-reaching. If, on the other

hand, to avoid this alarming contingency, the dogma were to be tacitly acquiesced in, the work of conciliation between the divided confessions which has been gradually advancing during the last two centuries would be undone at a stroke, and the chasm between Roman Catholics and Protestants rendered for the future impassable, while the whole education and culture of the Catholic body would be not less surely undermined, and a system of irresponsible spiritual despotism, moral and intellectual, erected on its ruins. Devout Roman Catholics would have to give up, not only theological study, as Dr. Newman says, but mental cultivation altogether, "as a bad job." Yet the crisis is to all appearance becoming every day more imminent, and the Court party appears to have thrown all idea of compromise to the winds. For a time the Pope himself maintained an external semblance at least of impartiality, and professed to be awaiting, like others, the voice of the Holy Ghost, though his chosen organs throughout the world have all along—to quote the complaint of a fervent but exceptionally candid infallibilist—been practising the most stringent "dictation to the Holy Spirit," assuring the Council that if it failed to define the new dogma it would be "abdication of its office," "not doing its duty," and would be "a false teacher." And all this without any whisper of rebuke from authority. Now, however, every pretence of outward decorum has been abandoned. *Nihil est quod credere de se non possit, cum laudatur Dis æqua potestas*, and the Pope, whose eighty years may be charitably presumed to have somewhat obfuscated his moral and mental perceptions, has openly proclaimed himself a partisan. Not only has he lent his ear, as Dr. Newman says, "to the flattery of a clique of Jesuits, Redemptorists, and Converts," but he has thrown himself heart and soul into the plots of the "insolent and aggressive faction" who are leaving no stone unturned to bring about this great revolution in the Church.

We say this advisedly. His Holiness has been making speeches and writing autograph letters in all directions to commend the most unscrupulous writers and journalists on the infallibilist side, while he has no warmer recognition for Montalembert's eminent services to Catholicism than the expression of a hope—which sounds like a sarcasm—that he repented of his opinions in time to save his soul, though not in time to deserve those ordinary religious solemnities of his Church which are freely accorded to the vilest criminal who dies within her fold. He even goes about visiting the bishops in their own apartments, literally touting for votes for his own infallibility; and his outrageous treatment of the Patriarch of Babylon, who was bullied into resigning from sheer dread of personal violence, is a sample of what those who oppose his wishes have to expect. By forbidding the bishops to print anything in Rome during the Council he has secured a monopoly of freedom of speech to the Jesuit scribes of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, who pour out a continuous torrent of infallibilist declamation and sophistry to which men like Dupanloup and Strossmayer cannot offer a syllable of reply. He aids and abets the tactics of those who are struggling *per fas et nefas* to force through the obnoxious dogma, while he publicly stigmatizes as "only half-Catholics" all who dare to oppose it. One of the most eminent bishops of the Opposition complains that his card was stolen from his door in order to append his name to an infallibilist petition! But this is not the worst. The new regulations for the conduct of the Council constitute an organized and hardly disguised conspiracy for crushing all opposition to the arbitrary will of the Curia. If we could imagine Mr. Gladstone using his large Parliamentary majority to force a Bill through the House empowering any ten members of the Cabinet or their followers to cut short a debate at any moment most convenient to themselves, and to insist on the question of an immediate division being at once put to the vote, we should have formed some idea, though a very inadequate one, of the restrictions placed on the free action of the Council against the vehement, but hitherto unheeded, reclamations of a large and influential minority of its members. For not only is the new device for cutting short the debates whenever it suits the interest of the Court—which was very near being acted upon with regard to the *Schema de Fide*—a manifest interference with the freedom of discussion, but the whole plan of carrying doctrines through a Council by the votes of a majority, instead of the unanimous consent of the Fathers, is a revolutionary proceeding, without any precedent in the history of the Church. The German bishops have protested so strongly that an influential theologian of a religious order declares their language to be fully equal to that of a pamphlet (noticed some months ago in our columns) on *Reform of the Church in her Head and her Members*. Some of the English bishops—Dr. Clifford is understood to be the firmest and most outspoken of them—insist that it concerns their honour to oppose a dogma by the express and solemn denial of which they obtained Catholic Emancipation. The protest of the American bishops is more menacing than that of the Germans, and the German is stronger than the French. All these protests distinctly implied, but unfortunately without expressly affirming, that no dogmatic decree not sanctioned by a moral unanimity of the Fathers could be valid. But the protesters damaged their position by shrinking from the obvious practical corollary of refusing to take any further part in the deliberations of the Council till this cardinal principle was acknowledged, and the new regulations devised for upsetting it withdrawn. How many of them will stand firm when the crisis comes remains to be seen. It was perhaps in order to avert an immediate collision that two concessions in minor points were made by the presiding legates. The discussion on infallibility has been postponed till after Easter, and the

revised *Schema* on Rationalism materially modified, though by no means rendered unobjectionable in its new form. This was the situation of affairs when the General Congregation assembled on March 22, and the "scene" which has been referred to in several English papers took place. We shall partly quote and partly abridge, from the correspondent of the *Allgemeine Zeitung*, the most authentic report to be found of what actually occurred and its sequel, as it illustrates very strikingly the relative attitude of parties, and the sort of fair play in the conduct of business in Council which the minority have to look for.

Cardinal Schwarzenberg had touched on the new regulations, and had been called to order for doing so. Archbishop Kenrick of St. Louis, who followed him, one of the most imposing figures in the Council, was still more emphatic in his protest, and insisted on the inherent rights of bishops as witnesses and judges of faith. "Then Strossmayer ascended the tribune, and a scene followed which for dramatic effect and theological significance almost exceeded anything known in the history of Councils." He first attacked as perverse and unjust that part of the revised *Schema* which makes Protestantism responsible for the "*systematum monstra, mythismi, rationalismi, indifferentismi nomine designata*," pointing out how largely the Reformation itself was due to the corrupt state of Catholicism, and that the horrors of the Revolution had sprung from the godlessness of Catholics, not of Protestants. Among the latter were many excellent defenders of Christian doctrine, of whom St. Augustine's words were true, *Errant, sed boni fide errant*, and who had refuted the errors condemned in the *Schema* as powerfully as any Catholic writers, if not more so; "all Christians are indebted to men like Leibnitz and Guizot." What followed on this is an edifying illustration of that "perfect unanimity in Council" of which Dr. Manning is so anxious to assure us:—

These words and names were received with loud murmurs, which at last broke out into a storm of indignation. The President, Cardinal de Angelis, cried out, *Hicce non est locus laudandi Protestantas*. He was right, for the dungeons of the Inquisition are scarcely a hundred paces distant from the place where he was speaking. The hubbub continued. Strossmayer then declared, in tones of intense emotion, "That alone can be imposed on the faithful as a dogma, which is sanctioned by a moral unanimity among the bishops." These words were the signal for a fearful tumult. Many bishops sprang from their seats, rushed towards the tribune, and shook their fists in the speaker's face. Place, Bishop of Marseilles, one of the boldest of the prelates and the first to profess openly his adherence to Dupanloup's Pastoral, exclaimed, *Ego illum non damno*. There was a shriek from all sides, *Omnes, omnes illum damnamus*. The President again called Strossmayer to order, but before quitting the tribune he solemnly protested against the violence to which he had been subjected. There was hardly less excitement in the Church outside than in the Council Hall. Some thought the Garibaldians had broken in; others, with more presence of mind, that Papal infallibility had been proclaimed, and these last began shouting, "Long live the infallible Pope." A bishop of the United States observed afterwards, not without a sense of patriotic pride, that he now knew of one assembly even rougher than the Congress of his own country.

It is difficult to form an accurate calculation of the number who took part in this unseemly display. Some say 400 bishops, some 200, some that a majority disapproved it. Next day a sense of shame had reduced the Council to a dead silence, and Haynald, Archbishop of Calocsa, one of the ablest and most eloquent speakers in the Council, and the American Bishop Whelan used the opportunity for saying some strong things. But it will no longer be possible to delude the world into a belief of the perfect unanimity among the Fathers, after this conspicuous exhibition of a profound internal difference. On one side stand the band, comparatively few but strong in moral power, who echo heart and soul Strossmayer's noble protest; on the other, the ruck of "abject" (*neiderträchtigen*) fanatics and sycophants, as a German bishop has called them. It is clear that matters cannot stop at this point. The minority must assert their rights, or the majority must openly proclaim their resolve to trample upon them. The Presidents of the Council openly displayed their partisanship in silencing Strossmayer without attempting to silence the howls of his assailants, thus making themselves accomplices in the outrage, and in the principle of deciding doctrines by counting heads which it embodied. A categorical demand for an explanation on this point has therefore been addressed to them, and in case of their making no reply the minority reserve their ultimatum, which is finally to test the claim of the Vatican Council to be considered (Ecumenical). For the moment the Presidents seem desirous of staving off a decisive rupture, and at the end of four months only one unimportant vote has been taken. The more sanguine among the Opposition bishops think this delay tantamount to a victory, and naively remark, "It is clear the Holy Ghost guides the Council." Meanwhile the inspired *Civiltà* has published an elaborate article in defence of the system of voting dogmas by majorities, and the French and German bishops have attested their sympathy by calling on Mgr. Strossmayer.

The latest event in the Council, so far as it goes, was a little triumph for the Opposition. The *Premium* of the revised *Schema* on Rationalism was voted, not by a mere majority, but unanimously, or nearly so, on March 29, and not till it had again undergone important modifications, due to the timely intervention of Bishop Clifford. The amendment of Dreux-Brézé, inserting an implicit recognition of Papal autocracy and infallibility, was withdrawn, the references to Protestantism which Strossmayer had attacked was omitted, and the bishops were allowed to use the ancient formula *definimus subscripsi*, implying their independent rights as judges of doctrine. The final voting on the first chapter of the *Schema* was deferred in consequence of objections to the wording raised by

the Opposition bishops, who demanded the substitution of *Sancta Catholica Ecclesia* for *Sancta Romana Ecclesia*. The crucial question whether doctrines are to be voted by majorities is therefore still left in suspense. But it is understood that, if it is ruled in the affirmative, the Archbishop of Paris—whose statesmanlike wisdom and high character make him really the heart and soul of the Opposition, though not perhaps the most conspicuous figure in it—will walk out of the Council at the head of all his supporters who have the firmness to adhere to their professed principles, protesting against its validity. And in this case, unless the Papal party succumb, it is difficult to see how an organized schism can be avoided. On the other hand, the Pope is said to contemplate abdicating, as did Celestine V. in 1294, after completing the twenty-fourth year of his Pontificate on June 16, if the dogma is carried, so as to secure the appointment of a younger successor of his own way of thinking. Cardinal Bilio is the favourite of the Infallibilists. Meanwhile every machinery for literally buying up doubtful votes is being unscrupulously employed. A distinguished English prelate, before the opening of the Council, undertook to sound the Archbishop of Paris on his way to Rome, of course without effect. Some of the leading Opposition bishops have received warnings, both anonymous and signed, against danger of poison, and have felt it right to adopt such precautions as they could. It is a significant fact, well known in Rome, that on the day Bishop Strossmayer made his second and most famous speech, on the need for decentralization in the Church, thirteen new hands were added to the department of the Roman Post Office, devoted to the inspection of letters to suspected persons, one of them being a Croat. The leading men on the Opposition side, both bishops and others, are reported to complain bitterly of Dr. Newman's not coming forward at this crisis publicly to throw the immense weight of his name and influence into the scale.

CHÂLONS.

A SHORT run from Rheims leads us to a city whose name has been of late years more familiar to the ears of Europe. More than forty years have passed since Rheims had the opportunity of discharging its distinctive function among the cities of France. But Châlons and its camp are names which the events of the most modern times are constantly thrusting before us. And the name of Châlons and its camp at once carries us back to that great fight of fourteen hundred years ago, when the great struggle between Iran and Turan was so strangely transferred from the banks of the Jaxartes to the banks of the Marne. The issues of all earlier and later warfare seem small compared with that of the day when the question was whether men of Aryan race and speech should remain dominant in Europe. The issues were great when the Roman first overcame the Gaul, and when he had himself to yield to the Teuton. The issue was greater when the Hammer of the Austrasian Charles broke in pieces the host of the invading Saracen and decided that Western Europe should remain Christian. Struggles like these involved the destiny of the world in their decision, and beside them the most exciting controversies of the last thousand years seem tame and insignificant. But the struggle which was fought out on the Catalaunian Fields involved questions higher still. Celt, Roman, Teuton, were, after all, nations of kindred speech, the first germs of whose civilization and national being could be traced up to a common source. Partly from original kindred, partly from later communion and intermixture, a whole crowd of ideas and feelings were common to all of them. All might join heart and soul against the Semitic and Mahometan invader, against the men of a wholly foreign speech, the champions of another creed and another form of social life. Yet, had the Saracen been already in the land, Aëtius and Theodoric might, without shame or inconsistency, have called on Abdalrahman himself to join them in the muster against Attila. The votary of Mahomet might have seemed a brother in a strife with the Turanian idolater; he represented the civilization of Asia against the civilization of Europe, but the men of either system might make common cause against a mere barbarian destroyer. No battle in the history of the world was ever fought for a grander stake. Yet of none is it harder to get a clear conception. It is not that we wholly lack details; the narrative of Jornandes is more copious than the accounts which we have of many other great events. But it is not easy to understand the events which led to the battle, or the events which followed it; the scene of the fight has been the subject of much dispute, and any attempt to fix the exact spot might perhaps be hopeless. It was fought on the "campi Catalaunici"; so Jornandes tells us; but other accounts give the place other names, and the name of Catalaunian Fields, and the figures by which the historian sets forth their vast extent, might justify us in placing it almost anywhere in the land of Champagne. There was some slightly rising ground on the actual field of battle, but even in that level land this is hardly enough to identify the place. The most discreet modern writers are satisfied with saying that the battle was fought "near Châlons" or "on the plain of Châlons"; the encamping, the marshalling, the actual engagement, of two such hosts must have covered no small extent of ground; and we shall not take upon ourselves to go into a question of topography with so little light to guide us. Still the traveller from Rheims to Châlons has fair grounds for hoping that he is passing over the actual battle-field; at all events he is passing over the Catalaunian Fields and drawing near to the city from which they took their name. Whether

he is actually on the site or not, in such a neighbourhood his thoughts cannot fail to be drawn towards the event of that memorable day.

We have called the battle of the Catalaunian Fields a struggle between Iran and Turan. So in truth it was, though many men of Aryan and even of Teutonic race served perforce in the army of Attila. But wellnigh all the nations which have since played any part in European affairs were there gathered together to defend the common cause of Europe. The motley character of the host of Aëtius is a witness to the true genius which could bring together so many discordant elements to act in even momentary union. It is also a comment on the state of things in the days of the Wandering of the Nations, when so many scattered tribes and fragments of tribes might be found, each keeping its distinct name and nationality, within the bounds of a single Roman province. The Roman and the Goth, now become names of equal dignity, types of the decaying and the growing elements of the age, marched side by side to drive back an enemy in whose presence all lesser differences might well be forgotten. They were the principals in the war; around them were gathered as auxiliaries the contingents of nations which were soon to surpass the power alike of the Roman and of the Goth. Among less famous and less intelligible names, we behold the truest children of the soil, perhaps already strengthened by a stream from the kindred stock of our own island, the Armorians of North-Western Gaul. Besides them, among the auxiliaries of Goth and Roman, stand out the great names of Frank and Saxon and Burgundian—the Frank destined before long to become the dominant race alike of Gaul and Germany—the Burgundian who failed to rival his power, but whose name has been so inseparably connected with Frankish history, Eastern and Western alike. The Saxon contingent, we may suppose, had not come straight from the main Saxon land by the Elbe, but rather from that outlying settlement in Northern Gaul which has not been without its share in giving its abiding character to what we may still call the Teutonic Normandy. Strangely mingled with these familiar names come tribes whose appearance in Western Europe is a sign of the times. There were Sarmatians, perhaps those ubiquitous Alans whose origin is one of the puzzles of ethnology; and the list winds up with the wide addition of "alii nonnullæ Celticæ vel Germanicæ nationes," a form of words which reads as if the Gothic historian had been an ethnologist before his time. A common sense of danger, perhaps a common sense of duty, caused all, Celt, Roman, Teuton, to join for once to drive back the common enemy of all.

The event of the battle is certain; but the events which led to it and which followed it are alike puzzling. Attila is, in some not very intelligible way, called away from before Orleans to fight the decisive battle by Châlons, and the result of the battle is at once to give deliverance to Gaul and to expose Italy to a renewed invasion. Yet there can be no doubt that on the Catalaunian Fields the power of Attila was really broken. In a case of this kind, in dealing with an enemy who has hitherto been held invincible, whatever may be the immediate results of the battle, the great point is to break the charm, to show that he can be beaten. The defeat of Leuctra would, to any Greek State except Sparta, have been a severe check indeed, but a check that might be recovered, and which was in no sense a death-blow. To Sparta, simply because she was Sparta, because Spartans had never before been overcome in an equal fight, it was utter overthrow. So the fight of Châlons does not seem to have really been any very severe blow to the power of Attila; the confederate army hardly knew at first whether they were victors or vanquished. But Attila was beaten, beaten by his own confession; and to have beaten Attila, to have broken the charm of his success, to have driven back the Scourge of God even for a single league, was all that was needed. Aëtius and Theodoric did their work, and Theodoric died in the cause. We have often heard in later times of the cause of Christianity and civilization. Never was there a struggle in the whole range of history which could be more truly said to have been waged on behalf of those sacred names.

It is to be noticed that in our accounts of the battle we hear nothing of the city of Châlons. According to Gaulish usage, the Catalaunian Fields did not take their name from the city, but fields and city alike took their name from the Catalaunian tribe. *Catalauni*, we need hardly say, becomes *Châlons* by the regular laws which govern the transition from Latin into French. This need hardly have been mentioned had not modern usage applied the same name to an utterly different place, the Burgundian town now called Châlons on the Saône. But *Cabillo* or *Cabillonum*, according to all rule, makes not *Châlons* but *Challon*, and Challon used to be its name.

Châlons itself, the city on the Marne, though inferior in interest and picturesque effect to many other French towns, has still a good deal to show. It is not one of the class of the hill fortresses, like Laón and Le Mans; indeed in the Catalaunian Fields it would not be easy to find a site of that kind. Châlons is one of that other class of cities which, without any grandeur of site, stand well and effectively by the side of a considerable stream. The original city seems, like mediæval Paris, to have occupied an island in the river. Here stands the cathedral church of the now suppressed bishopric, a building which must not be judged of by the wretched west front which was added to it in the last century. Like Eu, like Saint Quentin, it lacks towers worthy of the building. Here again a church of extreme grandeur within, and which supplies several very striking points without, is con-

damned to utter shapelessness in point of general effect. A single pair of towers, placed immediately east of the transepts—the opposite place to those of Saint Martin at Laon—is all that Châlons Cathedral can boast. And these rise above the roof only by the help of modern tops which cry aloud for spires or some other finish. But of these towers the southern one is the oldest part of the church, all but its topmost stage being good and effective Romanesque of the twelfth century. The rest of the church is a nearly uniform specimen of Geometrical work. The best feature of the outside is the apse with its surrounding chapels, which is none the worse for its bold simplicity and for being unusually unencumbered by flying-buttresses. The inside has that squalid, neglected look which is so often the case with a minster which has sunk into a parish church; but in point of composition, though on a smaller scale, it is really no unworthy rival even of churches of the dignity of Rheims. Tall columnar piers support the arches, and the arcade and the clerestory, with its noble Geometrical windows, have between them nearly swallowed up the intermediate range of the triforium. In the elevation it has sunk to a mere range of panelling below the lights of the clerestory; but with great ingenuity it is rescued from insignificance and recovers its importance in the general design by the device of lighting it with a double plane of tracery. In fact the nave and the whole interior of Châlons Cathedral, little known as it seems to be, might enter with a good hope into competition with churches of very much higher general fame.

Still, as a whole, the cathedral must yield to the other great church of the city, the Abbey of Our Lady, standing on the main land on the right bank of the river. This was doubtless at first, as is usually the case with the great secondary church of a city, beyond the walls. To two towers in the same position as those of the cathedral, noble examples of Romanesque work, this church adds two at the west end, forming a front whose grand simplicity can hardly be surpassed. After alternating between churches which have either no fronts at all or fronts of almost overwhelming gorgeousness, it is a kind of relief to come upon a front of the simplest, yet after all the noblest type, the two towers flanking the gable of the nave, without disguise, almost without enrichment. Nay, it is almost a relief, by way of variety, to turn for once from the gigantic portals of Amiens and Rheims to doorways not so very much larger than the mouse-holes of Wells and Salisbury. The front is in the best form of the Transition, covered with arcades in which the round and the pointed arch are intermingled. The towers are crowned with lofty spires of wood and lead, showing lead-work in a very elaborate form. The old architects knew how to work every kind of material, and they would no doubt have found out some way of giving even cast iron a picturesque and appropriate shape. The eastern towers, instead of spires, have only low cappings, so that we do not get the full effect of a church with four steeples. The effect of the eastern towers is exceedingly good in a view of the east end; but for the general view of the church, noble as it is at present, an English or Norman eye would willingly exchange them for a central lantern. The general style of the church is mainly Transitional, of different stages in different parts of the building. Thus the nave, except that tracery does not appear in its windows, might almost rank as an example of the French Early Gothic, while in the triforium and some of the windows of the transepts the Romanesque element still prevails. The triforium is very prominent throughout; but a slight vestige of the double triforium of Laon and Noyon may be traced in a small arcade and gallery formed within the clerestory. Altogether Notre Dame of Châlons, though not a church of the first order, stands very high among churches of the second.

A third and much smaller church, Saint Alpinus, suggests a question which constantly presents itself in looking at the greater parish churches of France. Which is better, a small church which in some sort reproduces the features of a minster, and which therefore in a manner challenges competition with buildings of a higher rank than itself, or a church conceived on a type wholly different from the cathedral and the abbey, but which may be equally good in its own way? The former is the French, the latter is the English custom. When we can get such exquisite miniatures as the church of Little Andelys and the choir of Norrey, the French rule may be more pleasing. But we can hardly say the same of the mass of French churches of the third order. No one who goes from the cathedrals of Wells or Norwich into the great parish churches of Saint Cuthbert or Saint Peter Mancroft, thinks of finding fault with the parish church because it in no way reproduces the minster. The two things are at once felt to be different in kind and incapable of being compared. But churches like Saint Alpinus at Châlons and Saint James at Rheims come near enough to the type of their greater neighbours to make us feel their inferiority. Saint Alpinus however has its good points. The west front would be a good simple Romanesque design, if it had not been tampered with by work of the sixteenth century. And the church is remarkably rich in incised monumental slabs, going up as high as the thirteenth century.

Altogether the interest of Châlons is great. The disappointing thing is that, where the grounds of interest are twofold, there should be absolutely no connexion between the two. The history of Rheims hangs together; it naturally gathers round the two minsters. At Châlons we feel that the deliverance of Europe was wrought in its neighbourhood, and that later ages reared two fine churches in the city itself. But the two things have absolutely nothing but geographical neighbourhood to connect them.

A SQUARE MILE OF EAST LONDON.

BETHNAL Green has become much of a figure of speech, or rather a social expression. It is in practice a very grisly household word. Few people realize it as anything much more substantial and real than a sort of *corpus vile* on which experimentalists, all of them actuated by the highest motives, expend their ingenuity and philanthropy. Some five-and-twenty years ago—it must be nearly as long since—Bishop Blomfield and an excellent layman, Mr. William Cotson, expended their energies and a vast sum of money in new churches. The old parish was reassigned to the Apostolic College, and twelve new districts, each with its resident parson, its parsonage-house and its schools, were established. The churches were the very ugliest which the perversity of the ecclesiastical art of that time could devise, and as to the clergy—being left mostly to their own resources, and their own resources pecuniary being nothing or next to nothing, and other qualifications correspondent—the scheme was not a success. We have never heard of anything connected with Bethnal Green, from the twelve churches down to Columbia Market, being a success. Bethnal Green, and all that has been done and is doing for Bethnal Green, has failed because its wants have been treated capriciously, and without the slightest attempt at concentration and system in dispensing assistance to its requirements, social, sanitary, and religious. Its churches, its schools, its philanthropic institutions are too little because too often too much. Its churches and parsondom have often exhibited the spectacle of rival institutions outbidding each other for flocks; and in one case the unpleasant spectacle occurred of a brisk competition being established for marriage fees; and we now learn that this parish and the surrounding district courts more schools because it has already more than enough. It seems that in some parts of London the mismanagement of schools is parallel to the mismanagement of charity. We spend, it is said, seven millions a year in charity, and we have starvation in the streets of London. We are asked for new schools and a new arrangement of schools, and the schools we have are not full. A very interesting paper has been published by the Society of Arts—which has published a good many papers far from interesting—called “The Ecclesiastical Condition and Requirements of One Square Mile in the East-end of London.” Mr. Bartley is the writer, or rather compiler. The “square mile” which he surveys is not continuous with the old parish of Bethnal Green, though it comprises a considerable, and that the worst, portion of it, but runs up into Hoxton and Haggerstone, which are divisions of the large parish of Shoreditch. This square mile is computed to contain 130,000, or more probably 150,000, inhabitants; and of this square mile at least three-quarters is tenanted by what Mr. Bartley, speaking on the card, characterizes as “the poorest and most neglected part of the community.” Poorest it may be, but we can hardly see the force of the last conventional epithet, since Mr. Bartley goes on to show, as he does in a very striking way, that it is not only not “neglected,” but suffers from the superabundance of what is exactly the reverse of neglect. He says that the district is “utterly demoralized by so-called charity”; the result being that, as the very name of Bethnal Green is enough to bring money out of many persons’ pockets—partly because it was the scene of the murders committed by Bishop and Williams, not Burke and Hare, as Mr. Bartley says—rents have gone up, and scarcely a tenement, however miserable, is unlet. The Bethnal Green harvest sets in in mid-winter; and the greatest blessing to the poor is—as one of their own prophets, a great able-bodied man drinking at the bar of a public-house, well puts it—“We don’t want this open winter weather; what we want is six inches of snow, and then the money will come to Bethnal Green.” And excellently it is spent. Charity tickets for bread and coals are “exchanged” at certain Bethnal Green shops “for fresh butter at 1s. 10d. or 2s. a pound; the poor would have no other; and biscuits, the nice sweet ones, are purchased with the same tickets instead of bread.” The Bethnal Green folk must have heard of the good French princess’s wonderment how people could starve when there were always buns or *meringues* to be had for a penny. Not that the charity of the Visiting Societies is altogether wasted. It comes back to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and we trust that its merits are also recorded in that court which Sterne discovered, the Chancery of Heaven. Public-houses, even in Adam Smith’s time, were set down as extraordinary and extravagant instances in which a common trade, “neither very agreeable nor very creditable, yields a very great profit.” But in Bethnal Green, as it is, we have an instance of an enterprising man who laid out 300*l.* on one small beerhouse, and “in five months sold it at a clear profit of 700*l.* over and above the outlay and takings during that time.” As speculation is reviving we shall not be surprised to hear of a “Bethnal Green Beer-House Extension Company.” It is sure to pay.

Mr. Bartley’s concern is chiefly with the schools of this district. He calculates that there ought to be 35,000 children at school, whereas he can only find out that 10,000, or something less, are even in nominal attendance. From which follows the usual and perhaps fallacious conclusion that “here are, in this one square mile, 24-5,000 children at least growing up in almost, if not in complete, ignorance.” These statistics are, like all other statistics, replete with fallacies on the right hand and on the left. It is easy enough to advance plausible arguments which may be urged against the sufficiency of either cipher. One-fourth of the popu-

lation is what has been settled as about the number of those of school-going age. But even in this square mile there must be an appreciable element of those children who under no circumstances would go to the schools which Mr. Bartley investigates, though of course in such a district by far the largest portion of the 35,000 would do so. If we were disposed to be critical, we should say that the actual school attendance in the district is very much less than Mr. Bartley's 9,898. It is the average attendance which is set down at 9,898, but on the one hand the migratory character of the population, and on the other the love of change on the part of parents, their caprice, and the active competition among the existing schools which often results in one child attending four or five different schools in the year, makes it exceedingly difficult to say that at any given time there are in this district as many as 25,000 children growing up in almost if not complete ignorance. That 25,000 children are every day not at school may be ascertained; but this is by no means the same thing as to say that this cipher of 25,000 is constant, and always represents the same children, or that the existing means for education in the district want raising from 10,000 now at school to 35,000 who ought to be at school.

Indeed, what is curious is that the existing school accommodation is in excess of the demand for education. 9,898 is, says Mr. Bartley, the average attendance of scholars in schools which are built to accommodate 13,413. How is this? The infant schools are full, because the infants are sent to be kept out of the way. The more advanced schools are not full, because some are unpopular; because some are, we suppose, good for nothing; because the parents care nothing about education; because it pays to employ the children at a very early age in some sort of labour. No doubt the first two difficulties are easily surmounted, and we are now in the very thick of the discussion about attempts to meet the last two difficulties. Then, as regards the third existing difficulty, we are assured that nothing will cure it but compulsory education.

We dare say we are among the stupidest of the stupid, but we never could attach any meaning to this grandiloquent phrase, Compulsory Education—at least as applied to such places as Mr. Bartley's Square Mile. We doubt whether those who talk about compulsory education know much about Shoreditch and Bethnal Green. It is very easy for Parliament men, such as Mr. Vernon Harcourt, to talk about religious instruction; we should like to know whether he ever tried his hand at a religious lesson. And so about compulsory education. It is easy enough to quote precedents, Prussian or Swedish or what not, but the question is whether there is or could be a Prussian Bethnal Green? Compulsory education, we suppose, means that if a man does not send his children to school, and with that regularity and under the conditions which the State requires, he shall, if he is in receipt of a certain amount of wages, be fined and then imprisoned. How the fine is to be levied, at what expense from delinquents, and at whose expense, and how long ratepayers will stand the charges of spending ten shillings, or much more, in compelling a man to pay twopence, or in supporting him in prison and his wife in the workhouse, is what we have never heard explained. And if this is not what is meant by compulsory education, we should like to know what is. The Workshops Act provides that children of a certain class *must* be sent to school. As a matter of fact they are not sent to school, the provisions of the Act being totally set at naught; "the law is universally neglected." As to foreign precedents, we shall be in a better position to judge of them when we have a picture of a square mile in Berlin which in the least degree resembles Mr. Bartley's "Square Mile."

There remains the difficulty about the early employment of children. H.R.H. the Prince of Wales—we quote from a speech said to have been delivered by him at the Society of Arts on Monday last—has satisfied himself that "earning and learning may be enabled to go hand in hand together." The phrase sounds nearly like an epigram, and does credit, of a sort, to its inventor's appreciation of an assonance; but we should say in a similar vein that we have a yearning to learning something more about this alliance between earning and learning. Half-time in schools is not found to answer; evening schools are almost universal failures; but if all that H.R.H. and his father meant is to say that school, like Christianity according to Lord Westbury, pays, we have heard this from Poor Robin before the Prince Consort found it out. Earning and learning do not, and as far as we see never will, go hand in hand together in Bethnal Green, or even in an agricultural parish. When a man and his family together only earn ten or twelve shillings a week in wages, he will never consent to reduce his weekly income to even *qs. 6d.* for the theoretical advantages of education.

But all these considerations affect the future. There is a certain melancholy interest which attaches to schools as they are in Bethnal Green. In the first place it is a satisfaction to be assured on all sides that the Religious Difficulty, Conscience Clause, and the rest, "seems practically not to exist at all." The parents who think at all want religion taught, and would strongly object to secular education. The only teacher who seemed in favour of it was a remarkable person who preferred secular instruction, "only it must be founded on the Bible and Dr. Watts's Catechism." But in most cases the parents in Bethnal Green are too apathetic and indifferent to care for denominational differences. On the other hand, it is sad to find that what education there is in Bethnal Green is marred by the social vice

which has demoralized the whole community. The children are positively kept from school till they are bribed into attendance; in some cases by giving them shoes, in some by paying their weekly pence, and in all by establishing rival treats, rival teas, and rival summer excursions. The children and their parents soon find out these dodges; and just as a pauper of any power and discrimination spends his mornings in Kensington, his afternoons about the Metropolitan Railway stations, and concludes the day at his Bethnal Green retirement—sometimes in the bosom of his family at a banquet of eleemosynary muffins and fresh butter at 2s. a pound, or in the congenial beerhouse, doubling its value in less than six months—even so, when a school tea is given at Christmas the Bethnal Green children apply for admission in December and leave in March, to be ready for the Easter supper at another school in the next street, and finish off with honouring a third establishment with their patronage and attendance at the annual Whitsuntide Happy Day in the country, for which the local clergy pen so much babbling of green fields, and net so many sovereigns from the readers in the *Times* towards the early summer. The result is the not over satisfactory one that in the Square Mile most of the children "travel the circuit of the schools, getting all the bribes but little of the instruction." The other evil of the multiplication of these little independent schools is the waste of money and teaching power which, both for educational and economical purposes, would be much better concentrated in a few large and classified schools than in these rival institutions, in which the masters are underpaid and the schools always in debt, and therefore always inefficient.

THE BOMBAY AND ONEIDA.

IT would seem that nothing could be more gratuitous than a collision between two of the rare steamships that ply in Japanese waters. When we learn that the collision took place on a starlight night, and that the officers in charge of either vessel made out the lights of the other while they were still from one to three miles apart, it is certain that some one must be seriously in fault. Unfortunately, however, that question, although the Court of Inquiry at Yokohama inquired into it at great length, has become entirely subsidiary to the graver one involved in the subsequent conduct of the captain of the English steamer, and we shall only notice it incidentally in so far as it bears upon that. The charge of gross inhumanity brought against Captain Eyre of the *Bombay*, after having been negatived by the gentlemen who judged him in Japan, has been revived before the tribunal of international opinion, and most unluckily and unreasonably a great deal of national feeling has been imported into its consideration. The finding of the Court of Inquiry has been criticized, its impartiality more than questioned, and, speaking broadly, we can only regard its expression of opinion on the evidence elicited as light for the public to decide by. From the beginning the story has been enveloped in a mystery which even now has been but very partially dispelled. The first accounts that reached us by San Francisco were American, and obviously exaggerated. They were the versions of the rescued men, who, smarting under a natural sense of injury, were interviewed by excited and imaginative reporters. It was difficult to square them with facts or with probabilities; impossible to reconcile them with each other or even with themselves. The Americans proved too much. They agreed in asserting that they had seen no one on the decks of the *Bombay*. We felt certain that no steamer of the Peninsular and Oriental Company ever was at sea without an officer of the watch and a look-out man, although one and the other might have been culpably negligent. We knew that at least there must have been a man at the wheel. The Americans averred that the collision had spared them only a single lifeboat. It was evident that, if it occurred as was described, it was impossible it could have inflicted such wholesale damage on the ship's boats. It was said that the *Oneida* had found time to fire five of her six guns, and that the reports were actually heard at Yokohama. If so, was it conceivable that those signals of urgent distress should never have reached the ears of the officer of the *Bombay*, to say nothing of his passengers, who must otherwise have been in a conspiracy to carry him through scatheless? Moreover, we had the telegraphic report of the finding of the Court, and as a suspension of certificate for six months seemed a punishment utterly inadequate to the imputed offence, we were inclined to assume the existence of extenuating circumstances reducing Captain Eyre's culpability to a mere mistake of judgment.

Now we have more detailed accounts of the evidence upon which the Court of Inquiry formed its opinion and pronounced its sentence. We cannot say, as we read it, that it is by any means so satisfactory as we could have wished. There was much direct conflict of testimony; much, in the respective stories of the captain of the *Bombay* and the officer in charge of the *Oneida* for the time, that is absolutely contradictory. The question became, in great measure, one of the relative credibility of witnesses who spoke under the influence of strong personal interest or feeling, and from diametrically opposite points of view. If the statements of Mr. Yates of the *Oneida* are to be accepted, those of Captain Eyre of the *Bombay* must be rejected, for the two swore respectively to facts that are physically irreconcilable. It is true that in the nature of things this opposition of evidence arose mainly on the point with which we are only indirectly concerned—namely, which of the two vessels was to blame for

the accident. But if we see reason to prefer Captain Eyre's testimony on those incidents of the story where we have the means of testing its value, it will incline us to give him the benefit of the doubt when he and Mr. Yates are at variance on still more important matters. Captain Eyre's statement with regard to the circumstances anterior to the collision is borne out on all material points by his chief officer and by the pilot, both of whom were on the bridge with him, and is confirmed by the others of his crew who were examined, so far as they spoke to them. Mr. Yates's story, on the contrary, is contradicted on a leading point by one of the look-out men of the *Oneida*. Mr. Yates asserted that at one time the *Oneida* opened out all the three lights of the *Bombay*; the look-out man, although he kept his eyes on the approaching vessel from the instant he distinguished her, had never seen her red light from first to last. Under these circumstances, impartial men will probably hold that the Court had no option but to incline to the side of the accused in weighing the balance of evidence; and further, that they were rightly influenced by a similar consideration in their decision on the more obscure incidents that followed the unhappy collision. It is clear, *ceteris paribus*, that the men on board the ship that ran no risk of foundering were likely to be more collected, to be in a better position to note what occurred and to remember it exactly, than those in a position of deadly peril, with a vessel settling down beneath their feet. But it would appear that American opinion has crystallized, as it were, round its original misapprehensions. Satisfied, as it is to be presumed we all are, that Captain Eyre was gravely to blame, the Americans will listen to nothing whatever on his behalf, and marshal all the testimony that is volunteered against him with an utter disregard for consistency. Those on board the *Oneida* who suffered the bitterness of death and so narrowly escaped its horrors, who felt the shock of the collision and witnessed its instant consequences, assume that the imminence of their danger ought to have come as vividly home to men on board the other vessel as it did to themselves. Now, as a matter of fact, it is extraordinary how slight may be the shock communicated to a couple of vessels impinging with great violence at certain angles. We have heard of well-authenticated instances where the bows of ships had been crushed and stove in for many feet, while persons aft were scarcely conscious that any accident had happened. It is intelligible, then, that the *Bombay's* passengers should have remained in utter ignorance of the extent of the mischief done to the *Oneida*, and it is conceivable too that the captain—who, standing on the bridge, was in a much better position to judge of it—should yet have been inclined to underrate it. The damage to his own vessel was comparatively slight, and it might have seemed unlikely that the ship which was going full speed should be a greater sufferer than the one that had stopped her engines. It is true that the fatal result goes a long way to bear out the American master's statement, that the *Oneida's* starboard quarter was cut away, although a rush of water through a stove-in plank would be quite sufficient to account for there being neither rockets nor blue lights forthcoming at the critical moment, without our assuming the magazine to have been actually carried away. Yet, accepting the damage as all that he describes it, if we remember that the *Oneida* was a very old ship, and that she was struck neither amidships nor forward, but close by the stern, we can still imagine Captain Eyre's fancying there was no great harm done; although we can scarcely accept his statement that, at the time, he thought it nothing more than "a graze."

What occurred after the *Oneida* passed on into the darkness is still much of a mystery. The original American story asserted that Captain Eyre had gone straight ahead with an utter indifference. It is now proved that he did wait for a few minutes, "at most five," and, to a certain extent, that makes the case worse for Captain Eyre. Had he gone on at once, without staying to make inquiries or to offer help if necessary, it would have been strictly consistent with the theory that, in his opinion, the collision was only a graze. In waiting, he showed that in his idea there was possible danger to the other vessel, and if there was a shade of doubt in his mind upon that score, he was bound to remain until he could clear it up. Of course he would answer that he naturally looked out for signals of distress, and, seeing none, continued his course. And here again is another mystery which we confess ourselves quite unable to penetrate by the aid of any lights that have reached us. In the first place, it is in evidence that the *Bombay's* engines were stopped at the time of the accident, and not set a-going immediately after it. The *Oneida* was at speed, it is true, but according to her officers and crew her stem was cut clean away, and necessarily she was filling fast. It is most improbable that she should have rapidly increased her distance from the *Bombay*, and it seems quite impossible that the two vessels could have been so far asunder five minutes after the collision as was represented at the trial. Supposing the *Bombay* lay off for five minutes, and then got up her steam and went ahead; assuming, as was stated at the inquiry, that the American began firing her guns ten minutes after the accident, then the *Bombay* could at the most have been little more than a mile from the *Oneida* when the *Oneida's* first gun was fired. Considering that the officers and watch on the English steamer were by this time on the alert, and must have been half prepared for some signal of distress, how does it happen that they heard nothing whatever of the report of the *Oneida's* guns? The explanation that the report "was somewhat smothered because the vessel was sinking," sounds to us utterly unsatisfactory. It

might perhaps account for the dulness of a single report, or even for that of a simultaneous broadside; but it is by no means plausible when we are told that a single gun was reloaded and fired four several times. We may add that, although it is proved that Captain Eyre neglected to give definite orders for a look-out being kept in the presumed direction of the *Oneida*, yet in point of fact many volunteer eyes must have been turned towards that quarter, and it is strange indeed that none of these should have seen any one of four distinct flashes.

We have certainly no national interest in screening Captain Eyre. It would be more convenient to offer him as a sacrifice to the promotion of amicable relations with America, for in America feeling runs high on the subject. In any case it is natural that the Americans should desire a more searching investigation into the circumstances attending a disaster so deplorable; and we do not wonder that the Secretary for the American Navy, if he admits the entire trustworthiness of the principal witness against Captain Eyre, is dissatisfied with the finding of the Court at Yokohama. We only express our opinion, as a matter of justice, that Captain Eyre's defence is good up to a certain point, and that nothing yet proves him to be the monster of inhumanity which he was represented in the original versions of the catastrophe. That is to say, we do not believe that he went on his course deliberately condemning the crew of the *Oneida* to the chance of a dreadful fate, or that he had any definite conception of the real gravity of the accident. But, on the other hand, we cannot resist the evidence which points to the conclusion that his conduct was marked by most culpable recklessness or apathy. It is clear, from the questions he asked of the pilot, that, although the contact of the vessels had amounted to nothing more than "a graze," he was by no means so assured as to the condition of the other as he would have us believe. His waiting for five minutes proved, as we observed before, either too much or too little on his behalf. It argued a state of uncertainty which ought to have been cleared up by the search that was never made. In our opinion, too, his answers to the questions asked him as to the duty of a captain in contingencies of this sort tell very seriously against him, and sound most unpleasantly in accordance with the line of conduct which he actually did adopt. We should be inclined to pronounce him fortunate in escaping with a mere six months' suspension of certificate, but at the same time we think the judgment of the Court much more obviously defensible than the verdict of American sentiment. And to give anything of an international character to such a question is as extravagantly irrational as those British theories that attributed the Plague of London to the enmity of the French, or the Great Fire to the malice of the Papists.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

THE Universities are supposed to be intended for the encouragement of sound learning and religious education. It seems probable that we may have to adopt an amended definition. When the Tests Bill is passed the relation of the Universities to religion will have to be modified, even if the religious part of the training be not entirely dropped. Its place, however, may be filled by instruction in various athletic amusements. The body will be cultivated instead of the soul; and the highest honours will be equally shared between first-class men in the various competitive examinations, and the youthful giants of the river and the cricket-field. Assuming this to be a fact, and avoiding for the present any discussion of its propriety, we may consider the late boat-race as illustrating the progress which has recently been made in one of the most prominent branches of a University education. From that point of view we may pronounce it to have been eminently satisfactory. Amongst the enormous crowds present at last Wednesday's contest, there were probably not more than nine persons who were sincerely and heartily vexed at the result of the race. Even the most patriotic of Oxford men must have felt conscious that it was as well that their long course of victory should come to an end. Had victory not inclined to the Cambridge oarsmen upon the present occasion, there would have been some danger that the race might have undergone at least a temporary suspension, and it was felt that a University without a champion crew could only receive the name of University by courtesy. When the principal branches of study fall into decay, there may still be buildings and professors and persons affecting to be students; but there is in fact nothing really left but an empty shell. A Parliamentary Opposition is an absurdity when it can never venture upon a division; and Cambridge, if it ceased to challenge Oxford, would cease to be the Cambridge of our old associations. A great deal has been said about the pluck of the young gentlemen who have year after year fought a losing battle. The eulogy may have seemed strange to some of our readers who had fondly imagined that rowing was an amusement rather than a serious business, and that no particular credit was due to young men who indulged in it, even if they were not to receive glory as well as pleasure. When it is remembered, however, that the vitality of the University depends in so great a degree upon the merit of its school of rowing, we must admit that the crews may have been animated by a sense of duty rather than a thirst for amusement, and may deserve the credit which belongs to self-sacrificing labours.

Cambridge, then, deserves to be heartily congratulated. It has sent up a crew which, it is true, was far from perfect, but which would certainly have been a very powerful and dangerous anta-

gonist to the majority of University crews. During the race, their rowing showed to more advantage than we had anticipated from their previous performances. They rowed with great steadiness; and it may be added that the difference between them and their adversaries was probably greater than would be inferred from the distance which separated them at the conclusion. Cambridge, in fact, was able to disappoint the prophecies of most observers, and to hold its own against Oxford from the beginning whilst rowing a distinctly slower stroke. The rather erratic steering of the Cambridge coxswain, the advantage of the long corner after Hammersmith Bridge, and the vigour of Mr. Darbishire's stroke enabled the Oxford men to hold on to their opponents until near Barnes Bridge. But they were evidently overmatched from the beginning, and the winning crew had probably a reserve of power in case circumstances should have made it necessary. As soon as it became evident that Cambridge rowing 38 strokes in a minute could gain upon Oxford rowing 42, whilst it was also known that Cambridge had the greatest staying powers, it was obvious that nothing but an accident could wrest the victory from them. Admitting this, however, we may doubt whether the Cambridge crew was quite what it ought to be. From a book which has lately been published, containing an elaborate historical research into this important topic, we learn that out of 22 races, in which the weights are recorded, the heaviest crew has won on 16 occasions, and that in the other cases the difference has been generally very trifling. At the average age of University oarsmen strength is pretty generally proportioned to weight, and strength is the first condition of success in a race of over four miles. Now Cambridge was not only the heaviest crew on the present occasion, but the weight was in the right part of the boat. If their style had been equal to that of Oxford, they would have won with more ease than was actually the case. Moreover, when they were fresh from the Cambridge waters the style was distinctly much worse than it afterwards became. We are, therefore, driven to the conclusion that in spite of Mr. Morrison's patriotic efforts, and in spite of the improvement of the Cam, the Cambridge school of rowing is not yet what it ought to be. If it does not surpass its present pitch of excellence, and Oxford does not fall off, it can hardly be expected that the tide of success will be decisively turned. Assuming that on an average the physical qualifications of the two Universities will be about equal, the superiority of style which has not yet been entirely removed must give an advantage to the sister University. This being so, it is our duty to impress upon the University authorities the importance of making strenuous efforts to keep up the reputation of their ancient seat of learning. Some parts of the endowments applied to exciting undue competition for scholarships might be profitably employed in the great work, which has already produced such marked results, of deepening and improving the Cam. The professorship of rowing, the duties of which have been so admirably discharged by Mr. Morrison, should be rendered permanent, and some competent successor invited to take up his residence at Cambridge. The authorities might perhaps remove inconvenient restrictions as to examinations and lectures which prevent the crew from giving their undivided attention to their noble art; and Cambridge may regain the proud position it occupied in the old historic times of Hall and Jones and Egan.

For such a consummation Londoners will of course be devoutly thankful. Whatever explanation may be given, there can be no doubt that the University boat-race has become one of our favourite spectacles; and the explanation does not seem far to seek. In the first place, a boat-race is a really beautiful sight to the instructed eye. No form of motion has, if we may venture the expression, more of real poetry about it than the bound and spring of a well-trained eight-oar, manned by fine young men in the perfection of physical vigour. All forms of racing are pleasant to the human mind—not only, we venture to say, to that of Englishmen—and a well-contested boat-race is pre-eminent in producing fierce excitement and exhibiting a judicious blending of skill, strength, endurance, and good generalship. We may add that it is still true, as is generally observed, that the contest is absolutely fair and above all suspicion of unworthy motives. But in addition to the intrinsic merits of the contest, the University boat-race is only one example of the growing tendency of all sights to gather enormous crowds. Various causes have combined to increase the power and wish of mankind to generate mobs—railways and penny newspapers being amongst the most conspicuous. What was the amusement of hundreds a few years ago now becomes the amusement of hundreds of thousands. The population of London to its furthest corners has become astonishingly sensitive to every thrill of excitement set up in any direction, and nothing is easier, if the right chord be struck, than to set in motion a large minority of its millions upon any given centre. For some days before the race the crowd was as great along the banks as it was ten or fifteen years ago at the race itself; and for miles round Putney and Barnes the roads were thronged on the sacred day with swarms of every variety of cockney, including a fair proportion of the unequivocal rough. Cynics who dilate upon the charms of success might be amused to see how prevalent were the dark blue colours before the race, and how rapidly they changed to the symbols of victory.

Here, however, occurs one little cause for hesitation. It may be a good thing for Londoners to have a day's amusement, and it is certainly a good thing for the proprietors of Knock'em down and for other minor branches of industry. But is it quite so

clear that it is a good thing for the Universities? We have assumed that rowing is and ought to be one of the main studies at Oxford and Cambridge. It is possible, however, that this, like any other study, may be pursued in a questionable spirit and with an excess of zeal. If we had to define the precise point at which boat-racing ceases to be a healthy and creditable amusement for fine lads, and runs some risk of being actually objectionable, we should perhaps say that it is when it ceases to be strictly suited for amateurs and takes up a professional tone. In former years the boat-race was merely a private affair between the Universities, the outside world had very little interest in the matter, and we might fairly congratulate ourselves on the manly sports which found favour with our undergraduates without further inquiry into the matter. Now, however, that the whole public has been invited to share in the amusement, it seems as if some more questionable elements were intruding themselves. When the captains of the crews argued as against the Thames Conservancy that the race was strictly a private affair, their argument was perhaps correct in form, but it scarcely corresponded to the general feeling. The British public at large considers that it has a distinct right to be consulted in the arrangements. The Universities are considered not as amusing themselves, but as providing a spectacle for the English nation generally. With this change there comes a certain danger of the intrusion of the detestable system of betting. Hitherto the betting has not been such as to cause any palpable mischief, and perhaps the amount has been exaggerated. But it is not without regret and some degree of anxiety that we see the odds on the boat-race gradually assuming a more important position and put amongst the quotations which have so unpleasant a significance for the prosperity of the Turf. If ever betting fairly takes hold of the race, the race should be summarily abolished. From that consummation we may hope to be delivered; but, apart from this danger, the simple fact that the practice takes place under the eyes of Londoners, and of the touts of sporting newspapers, tends to give an uncomfortable flavour of slang and vulgarity to the proceeding. It is questionable whether the contest can permanently preserve its present honourable character when all the low sporting world is beginning to take a keen interest in its success; and, even if worse consequences be avoided, it is probable that the effect upon the youths themselves of exhibiting before the eyes of the country will be distinctly bad. It gives an altogether exaggerated value to what was once a mere amusement, and tends to lower the not very exalted ideal of character at present prevalent in the Universities. If it were possible—and we admit that there are many difficulties in the way—we should be glad to see the race rowed elsewhere than on the London waters, and should feel more confident that it would preserve its essentially good qualities, and not absorb an undue share of the attention of the undergraduates themselves.

IMPROPRIETY FOR THE MILLION.

THE experiment of producing the *Grand Duchess* at Astley's Theatre can hardly have been successful, and it would appear that fashion counts for less than might have been supposed on the transpontine stage. After all that has been said about the impropriety of this opera, or at least of Madlle. Schneider's performance in it, we should have thought the dwellers in Lambeth and Kennington would have welcomed the opportunity of tasting the favourite pleasure of aristocratic circles; but it seems that they do not care about it.

It must be owned, however, that although this opera is very amusing, it hardly supports the reputation that has been gained for it by Madlle. Schneider. The impropriety, such as it is, of the *Grand Duchess* offends against a code of ethics which is likely to be only slightly valued in the New Cut. That a duchess should demean herself, even in a play, so far as to cast an eye of love on a private soldier ought to be, although it is not, very shocking to other duchesses at the St. James's Theatre; but it is very possible that the wives of shopkeepers at Astley's regard such an aberration from the established usages of high rank as venial and even laudable. It was firmly believed among the hangers-on of sporting public-houses that the gallant Heenan had received letters from a countess, before his fight with Sayers, entreating him to leave the Ring and share her fortune and enjoy her love. Then, again, the supposition is that the *Grand Duchess*, desiring to captivate the soldier, resorts to the artifices of love which she supposes to be usual in the rank of life from which the soldier comes. When a lowly rustic girl loves a lowly rustic youth, she goes straight up to him and says, "Thou's taken my fancy, lad." The *Grand Duchess* proceeds to imitate the practice which she thus describes. There is perhaps quite as much libel upon rustic girls as upon duchesses in this passage; and although "the moderate nudge of the elbow" is not resorted to in what may be called polite society, it is undeniable that ladies possess and use means of intimating to gentlemen that the persons, or at any rate the fortunes, of those gentlemen are not viewed by them with absolute indifference. Indeed, society vindicates its name to be called polite by the number and variety of the expedients which it has invented to enable designing women to entrap unwary men. The representation of this kind of hunting is much more common in novels than upon the stage, but it would be difficult to forbid to the one what is permitted to the other. The *Grand*

Duchess engages in an active but unsuccessful pursuit of the affections of the soldier, and the contrast of her impatience with his stolidity is, with tolerably good acting, highly amusing. She is a type of the same class of ostentatious young women to which belonged Vanbrugh's Miss Hoyden, who declares her intention to marry the baker in default of a more eligible suitor for her hand. It must be remembered that the Grand Duchess is supposed to have what would be called, if she were a man, strictly honourable intentions; and if women in exalted stations wait until love is made to them, they are perhaps likely to remain unmarried all their lives. And, after all, the Grand Duchess sets a noble example to the young ladies of Belgravia by marrying according to the choice of her advisers. "If," says she, "we cannot have what we like, let us like what we have." But, whatever be the force of the objection to this opera in St. James's Street, it was not likely that it would be felt in the Westminster Road. Nevertheless, neither the prettiness of the music nor the fun of many of the scenes is sufficiently attractive to fill the house. It is wonderful indeed to see and hear such an entertainment in the theatre which still bears the name of Astley. If the performance were well attended the question might be proposed for discussion whether civilization had gained or lost by the substitution of English-French opera for horsemanship, but it will be time enough to discuss the value of this triumph when it is completely realized.

The *Grand Duchess* in the New Cut and *Formosa* in Shoreditch appear to be equally unprovocative of enthusiasm. Even the reality of the University boat-race on Wednesday evening scarcely aroused any excitement at Mr. Boucicault's burlesque of it. We should infer, from our observation of Astley's and the Standard Theatres, that impropriety does not draw. The splendour of *Formosa's* dress seemed to impress the matrons of the East-end of London much more than either the wonders of her career or the piety with which she sins. Indeed, we question whether the audience at the Standard cares for anything in the play except Sam Boker, the unbought and undefeated champion of the Ring, and Bob Sanders the dog-dealer and returned convict. The shades of *Formosa's* character, and the skilful blending of homely simplicity with splendid harlotry by which it is developed, are perhaps a little beyond the capacity of the East-enders. Indeed, even at the West-end it might be difficult to distinguish the sinner from the saint, if we were not helped by observing that a copious tawny mane denotes vice, while a moderate supply of black hair is appropriated to virtue. But Mr. Boucicault has perhaps hardly laid on his colours thickly enough for Shoreditch. Any one who has seen a play of Shakspeare acted at the Standard will understand that the East-enders require broad and strong effects. The late tragedian, G. V. Brooke, was always a great favourite at that house, and in the latter part of his career, as he took more and more to drinking, he became more and more a favourite. Indeed, as long as he could speak, the more drunk he was, the better, to please the East-enders, was his acting. But there came a time when he could not even speak, and on one memorable evening, when the play was *Julius Cæsar*, he was so drunk that in the scene of the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius he was pushed on the stage unable to utter an articulate word, and he stood there as steadily as he could while another actor spoke both parts, and he merely contributed to the general effect by throwing in a few oaths and curses here and there. We think that *Formosa* is painted with rather too fine a brush to please the East-enders, and although the young lady who plays the Oxford coxswain was so kind as to adorn her dark blue jacket with a light blue rosette in honour of the victory of Cambridge, even this somewhat incongruous reference to the event of the day failed to arouse any enthusiasm among the audience. It is perhaps unlucky that Mr. Boucicault should have put his money on Oxford, but he may, if he thinks proper, alter his play from year to year with the vicissitudes of the boat-race, so that the Cambridge stroke may be in his turn exposed to the perils of the Fulham villa and the sponging-house.

The company is for the most part the same that performed this play at Drury Lane, and the few changes which have been made are certainly not improvements. Tom Burroughs, the Oxford stroke, looks, if possible, rather more of a cad than he used to do, and the whole crew approximate more closely to the style of the gallant British tar who is familiar to the frequenters of East-end theatres. We should say that any one of them was prepared to dance a hornpipe on the shortest notice, and, if he did, we do not know that he would be at all less like a University oarsman than he is at present. Mrs. Billington, the original wife of Sam Boker, the ex-pugilist, still cuts bread and butter for her husband from a big loaf with her accustomed energy, and she still reminds him that he had sworn to her on marriage never to close his fingers, adding, with the emphasis which was so forcible at Drury Lane, "Then I gives you a holiday to-morrow." It is rather difficult to decide whether Mr. Boker appears more of an impostor when he is giving lessons in sparring or is training a boat's crew for a race. When the pupil, after a round with the gloves, asks, "Will this kind of thing ever make a man of me?" we feel tempted to answer that we decidedly think not, and that wholly irrespectively of the fact that the part of Lord Eden, the Oxford coxswain, who is Mr. Boker's pupil, happens to be played by a girl. We should really like to have happened to hear what the East-enders thought of the scene where Lord Eden takes his sparring lesson. They know something about

prizefighters in Shoreditch, although, until Miss Burdett Coutts made the neighbourhood famous by the architectural splendours known as Columbia Market, it may be supposed that a lord was never seen there. In our judgment, Mr. Boker's championship and the nobility of Lord Eden's birth are alike mythical. But there is, at any rate, one feature of Mr. Boker's character which is drawn from nature. It is unhappily too true that these retired prizefighters are perpetually thirsty. There is a scene at the Fulham Villa where Lord Eden is introduced as marquis, and when the mistake is corrected somebody says that it is much the same thing, as we should think it was. The author might as well have made him a duke while he was about it, and indeed we rather wonder that the peerage is only represented by the coxswain, while all the oarsmen are commoners. It must be owned, however, that the author has compensated for his niggardly allowance of aquatic honours to the peerage by the liberality with which he has recognised its claim to participate in honours of another kind. We have in the earlier part of this article felt called upon to defend the character of the Grand Duchess against aspersions which we thought unmerited. We have pointed out that she is merely a young woman who has been taught by her preceptors to please herself, and who proceeds to better the instruction. It is not suggested, either in the play or in any criticisms on it that we have read, that the Grand Duchess has any other intention than to substitute the handsome soldier for the Prince whose matrimonial proposal is distasteful to her. It has been reserved for Mr. Boucicault to undertake an enterprise from which French dramatists have abstained, and to impart to nobility a privilege which hitherto it has not enjoyed. When Miss Boker exchanges the rural repose of Oxfordshire for the splendid excitement of London she becomes Lady Arthur Pierpoint, and this metamorphosis supposes much. There must be, or at least there must have been, somewhere in *rerum natura*, a Lord Arthur Pierpoint, whose father must have been a duke or marquis. At lowest Mr. Boucicault desires his audience to conceive the possibility of the existence of such a man having or having had such a wife. Now we have heard of a lady of rank who was said, by a bitter jest, to be at the head of the profession which the lady sometimes called Miss Boker so conspicuously adorns. But here we get the same thing in sober earnest. The question which we are now discussing is perhaps rather beyond the comprehension of an East-end, but we really should like to frame for ourselves some theory which may explain Mr. Boucicault's intention in creating this figment of a Lord Arthur Pierpoint. One of the ladies of the Fulham circle actually has a real live husband, who plays a distinguished part at the gambling-table which is kept there, and who is good enough to express his intention to put another thousand upon Oxford for the boat-race. Are we to suppose that Lord Arthur Pierpoint is somewhere upon the same premises taking a share in the swindling business that is practised upon the guests who are attracted there by his wife's beauty? If this be an admissible supposition, Mr. Boucicault will be remembered as having enlarged both the borders of morality and the privileges of the peerage.

We have defended the Grand Duchess against the charge of impropriety of conduct by observing that she was a sovereign princess, and therefore entitled to ask a man to marry her; and we might have added that the events of the story may have occurred in leap-year, when, according to a popular doctrine, any woman may ask a man to marry her. And further, as regards the little arts by which she tries to excite a passion in the stolid Fritz, we have to observe in favour of the French author that Mr. Boucicault, who must know, considers such proceedings proper. The Grand Duchess and Fritz in the room of state may be compared to Edith Burroughs and Lord Eden in the library. In both cases the gentleman seems to need a little stimulation from the lady, and he gets it. The only difference is that the Grand Duchess calls Fritz to her, while Miss Burroughs goes to Lord Eden. The Duchess makes Fritz sit upon her stool, whereas Miss Burroughs seats herself upon the arm of Lord Eden's chair. Unseasonable interruption in both cases leaves it alike uncertain what might have been the consequence of this juxtaposition of two persons. We can only say that we think that Lord Eden would not have made much progress with his Greek play, and perhaps Fritz might have become oblivious of the charms of his betrothed Wanda. But let the French dramatist and Mr. Boucicault say boldly "Evil be to him that evil thinks." The goodness of Miss Burroughs is not made so violently conspicuous as that of Miss Boker, nor did it need to be, because appearances are not against her to the same extent; but we are not to suppose that she is not good because she happens to sit down on the arm of a gentleman's chair when she is alone with him.

We should like to have heard rather a more clear expression of the views of the East-enders as to the "one unsullied love" which Miss Boker had cherished through the vicissitudes of her remarkable career. If they had understood the author's meaning, they would probably have described the gentleman from whom Miss Boker declined to receive costly presents as "her fancy man." But we doubt whether Mr. Boucicault is not a little too refined for Shoreditch. Impropriety for the million, to be saleable, should be a coarser fabric.

REVIEWS.

LORD STANHOPE'S HISTORY OF THE REIGN OF QUEEN ANNE.*

(Second Notice.)

QUEEN ANNE is, from the historic point of view, the name rather of a period than of a person. She is, if we may use the phraseology of Greek legend, an eponymous heroine. Popular language, of which the tradition has not yet faded, speaks of her as good Queen Anne, as it remembers her great predecessor among the Queens-regnant of England as glorious Queen Bess. But the epithet expresses, in her case, rather satisfaction with the time than esteem for the sovereign. It contains possibly some under-current of reference to her negative domestic virtues. But the victories of Marlborough, the consolidation of the two kingdoms of England and Scotland into the United Kingdom of Great Britain, the literary art which reached its highest expression in the prose essays of Addison and the metrical essays of Pope, and the scientific discoveries of Newton, are really what the popular mind thinks of when Queen Anne is named. It has been sometimes said that the rule of queens is better than that of kings, because under queens men govern, and under kings women. Whatever force there may be in this remark, it has no special application to the sovereign whose reign Lord Stanhope has just written. Under Queen Anne it was not Marlborough or Godolphin, Harley or Bolingbroke, who governed, but first the Duchess of Marlborough and afterwards Mrs. Masham. The scandalous French volume which professed to narrate the "*Histoire Secrète de la Reine Zarah et des Zarahiens*" expressed a truth on its title-page, though it might not contain any in other parts of the volume. The reign of Queen Anne was the reign of bed-chamber women. The attitude which Sir Robert Peel felt it his duty to assume with respect to the bed-chamber controversy of a later time was probably strengthened by a recollection of the Duchess of Marlborough and Mrs. Masham. Lord Stanhope quotes a sentence from Voltaire's *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, which he believes to be entitled to credit, as expressing the real motive powers which stirred the political world in the reign of Queen Anne:—"Quelques paires de gants d'une façon singulière que la duchesse refusa à la reine, une jatte d'eau qu'elle laissa tomber dans sa présence par une méprise affectée sur la robe de Madame Masham, changèrent la face de l'Europe." Lord Stanhope, whose judgments are habitually tempered with lenity, takes a more favourable view of the character of Queen Anne than facts appear to warrant. In the instinctive and conventional virtues she was without reproach. As a wife and mother she was honourably undistinguished from nine-tenths of her married female subjects. Prince George of Denmark had as much reason to be satisfied with his matrimonial bargain as any tradesman in London or yeoman in England. Her Court was pure and dull, and her drawing-rooms, as Lord Chesterfield complained, were more respectable than agreeable. Lord Stanhope eulogizes the Queen's warmheartedness and her strong capacity of friendship with persons of her own sex. Friendship, however, is too honourable a word to be applied to the unreasoning passion, taking the form now of dogged devotion and now of sullen resentment, which marked her feelings and conduct towards the Duchess of Marlborough. Her caprice seemed constancy because it acted with the slowness of a dull and obstinate nature. No recollection of former intimacy ever softened a later resentment. Of true friendship, in the nobler sense of the term, Queen Anne was incapable. She felt little more than the impulse of companionship, and a blind propensity to like or to dislike. Strong views with respect to the Church Establishment, a determination to insist upon her own right of nomination to bishoprics, bitter dislike of the Whig statesmen to whom she owed her throne, and a personal preference for a versatile trickster like Harley over a wise and patriotic counsellor like Somers, marked such individuality of character as she possessed. Her disaffection to the Act of Settlement, and disposition to play fast and loose with the Pretender and with the House of Hanover, prove that no slight infusion of the Stuart faculty of dissimulation leavened her personal dullness. The place of Queen Anne in history is with her own bed-chamber women. She was the instrument first of Sarah Jennings and then of Abigail Hill. To the former we owe Marlborough and Godolphin, and to the latter Harley.

The events which mark this reign as a period in history are the wars of the Spanish Succession and the Peace of Utrecht, the legislative Union of Scotland with England, and the party conflicts in Church and State which had their crisis and catastrophe in the impeachment and conviction of Sacheverell. "In the reign of Queen Anne," as Lord Stanhope remarks, "the main figure in war and in politics—around which it may be said that all the others centre—is undoubtedly Marlborough." Lord Stanhope might have written an artistic history if he had kept this idea of the time clearly before him. He fails, however, to embody to his own mind any image or clear intellectual conception of Marlborough's character, and does not even attempt to group round the main figure the personages and events of the age. If twofold treachery to James II. and to William III., sordid avarice, and a temper of abject submission in undeserved disgrace, be deducted from Marlborough's character, it would be as attractive

as any which history records. Lord Stanhope has evidently felt its fascination. It induces him to place Marlborough, not only in the first rank, but first in the first rank of the great masters of war. He sets him above the Black Prince, Condé, Turenne, Eugene, Frederick, Wellington, and Napoleon, on the ground of his uniform success. What Voltaire says of Marlborough, that he never besieged a fortress which he did not take, and never fought a battle which he did not win, cannot be said of any of the generals whom Lord Stanhope enumerates. He attributes this superiority of fortune not to fortune chiefly, but to an almost unexampled combination of rare qualities in Marlborough. One fact, however, should qualify Lord Stanhope's somewhat extravagant estimate. The generals with whom Marlborough had to contend were signally inferior to himself. The system of strategy which prevailed in his age, multiplying fortresses and lengthening lines of entrenchment, presented to the enemy various points of attack, and weakened in the same degree the resources of defence. The strategy of the age fought for Marlborough, and helped his native superiority over his opponents. Perhaps we have in this circumstance an explanation of the fact that Marlborough made no contribution to the development of the art of war. There is not any principle of strategy or tactics which is associated with his name, as with the names of Frederick and of Napoleon. In inventiveness and in the capacity of advancing his art, which are the surest signs of military genius, Marlborough was inferior to the greatest commanders of former and of subsequent times.

Having devoted a separate work to the history of the War of the Spanish Succession, Lord Stanhope passes over it very lightly in his present volume. Without entering into the endless controversy as to the policy of the war, and of the peace which concluded it, we will only say that it is impossible to justify both. The war was undertaken to prevent the accession of a grandson of Louis XIV. to the throne of Spain and the contingent danger of the union of the two countries under one sovereign. The Peace of Utrecht recognised the arrangement which the War of Succession was intended to prevent. It did this, though three of the persons who stood between the Bourbon King of Spain and the French throne had been removed. A formal renunciation of his pretensions, and the life of a sickly infant, feeble barriers both, alone interposed between Philip of Anjou and the crown of his ancestors. On the other hand, the power of France had been greatly weakened during the war. The Archduke Charles, who was the rival candidate for the throne of Spain, was now Emperor of Austria, and the union of those two monarchies in the same person was as little desirable as the union of France and Spain. Moreover, the opposing interests and prejudices of France and Spain might be trusted to counteract family compacts and the ties of blood. Of this Bonapartes have had experience not less than Bourbons. On the whole, the Peace of Utrecht was a prudent, if a somewhat inglorious, conclusion of a war undertaken for the almost impossible purpose of adjusting the unstable and constantly shifting balance of power and family alliances.

The most important domestic events of Queen Anne's reign—in themselves or in their consequences—were the Parliamentary Union of England and Scotland, and the prosecution of Dr. Sacheverell. Lord Stanhope narrates the progress of the former measure fairly and with spirit, though in a somewhat disjointed manner. His comparative defect of faculty to keep steadily before his own mind, and to present clearly to that of the reader, the several threads of a complicated and difficult transaction, is made more apparent by his adopting the method of an annalist rather than of an historian. He follows too closely the order of time, without much insight into the order of cause and effect. His panegyric on the Union is eloquent, and in the main just, though it here and there betrays a tendency, very unusual with the author, to run into rhapsody. Lord Stanhope attributes to it the population of Glasgow, the wheat crops of the Lothians, the growth of forests, the extension of pasture-land, and the diffusion of education. He is scarcely less extravagant on the one side than Mr. Andrew Fairservice was on the other, who imputed his horse's loss of a shoe to the deteriorating effects of the Union, to which cause he also assigned the diminished size of pint-stoups. The impeachment of Sacheverell was no doubt a party error. It drove the Whigs from office, made Toryism and High Church principles popular, and effected for the moment that union between the monarchy and the multitude which has in modern times been revived as tactics and dignified by the name of a policy. The proceeding was, indeed, as Lord Stanhope says, ill advised as regards the interests of the moment. But it struck a death-blow at the doctrine, favoured by a large party in Church and State, and not distasteful to the Queen herself, of the divine right of kings and passive obedience. The arguments of the managers of the impeachment for the Commons, and the judgment pronounced by the House of Lords, are, as Mr. Hallam has said, "not only the most authentic exposition, but the most authoritative ratification, of the principles upon which the revolution is to be defended."

The concluding chapter, on the life of Anne in its social and literary aspects, is slight in substance and flimsy in political reflection. Lord Stanhope is not a great historian; but his volume is a valuable aid in the study of a period which has yet to find the imaginative and philosophical genius capable of reproducing its image and interpreting its spirit.

* *History of England during the Reign of Queen Anne, until the Peace of Utrecht.* By Earl Stanhope, Corresponding Member of the Institute of France. London: John Murray. 1870.

BARRATT'S PHYSICAL ETHICS.*

THOSE who write on metaphysical subjects must be content with small and select audiences. The title of this essay is calculated to repel that vast majority of readers who prefer to have their thinking done for them, who like to be led easily along a train of thought or narrative, and object to anything which calls for an independent effort. To those, however, who have a taste for speculation, and are willing to submit to the fatigue of making their mind co-operate with that of their author, we can sincerely recommend this volume. We believe they will find in it vigorous and comprehensive reasoning, much originality, and a rare power of moving with ease and precision amongst highly abstract and impalpable subjects. Whatever may be thought of the novelty, accuracy, or adequacy of the conclusions which the essayist believes himself to have established, these are merits which entitle him to a respectful hearing.

It would be affectation to disguise our knowledge of the fact that this essay is the maiden effort of one who is fresh from the University, after having achieved there, as an undergraduate, successes which were, in their number and variety, quite unprecedented. We mention this fact, not for the purpose of conciliating favour for the book, which can perfectly well afford to stand on its own merits, but because it entitles us to treat the essay as in some respects a representative work of young Oxford. From this point of view its appearance may be considered extremely encouraging. Serious charges have recently been brought against the training required for, and produced by, the Oxford final schools. Whilst its efficiency in breaking up and destroying old incrustations, and in awakening and stimulating activity of thought, has been fully recognised, it has been asserted that a system with such ambitious pretensions should produce something more than negative results. It has been said that the effect of requiring young men to get up vast subjects in a limited time has been—besides the tendency to neglect every aspect of a subject except that which is likely to be of immediate utility in examination, a defect inherent in all competitive systems—to promote much facility of composition, much skill in dressing up other people's thoughts so as to make them appear your own, a great power of discoursing glibly and plausibly on large topics, but much superficiality and little genuine creativeness; in short, that it is a system admirably calculated to turn out journalists, but not men of science. We do not care to examine here the justice of these charges, which seem in many respects to require more from education than it can be expected to produce; we merely say that this essay, whatever its value, goes some way to refute them, at least so far as its author is concerned. Its origin may be traced directly to Oxford teaching. Let us drop our impersonality for a moment and speak as Oxonians. When we were undergraduates we all learnt to write and talk, if not to think, about the supreme end of man, to "prate of the moral instinct," to discourse about Free-will, Conscience, Responsibility. These things interested us very much at the time, but when we had attained the immediate object for which we had got them up, few of us found sufficient patience or leisure to pursue our incomplete investigations further, to work out the large questions which they suggested, and to piece together our unconnected scraps of knowledge. Rather we put them away as though with other childish things, and turned to practical life, with which they seemed, however wrongly, to have little to do. It is then satisfactory to find at least one who has not been content to leave his thoughts and knowledge in this scrappy and incomplete form, but has had the patience to go on and work them out into a system which should at all events satisfy himself, if not others. Thoroughness is always refreshing, and that is why we welcome this volume.

We are not going to attempt to discuss metaphysical questions within the limits of an article, and therefore we shall content ourselves with stating shortly the author's point of view, the subject of his essay, and his mode of treatment. Mr. Barratt would probably describe himself as a disciple of Mr. Herbert Spencer, incited in great measure to write by dissent from some of the views of a man in whom he believes and whom he admires. He is, however, far from having been influenced solely by Mr. Spencer. Besides such an acquaintance with the great Greek philosophers as might be expected from one who had taken high classical honours at Oxford, he is evidently well read in the works of the most important modern English writers on mental and moral subjects, such as Butler, Paley, Bentham, Dean Mansel, and the two Mills. To Spinoza, a philosopher whose influence in moulding modern thought is becoming every day more apparent, he owes much. Other names, more directly significant of the side from which he approaches his subject, are those of Cabanis, of Dr. Maudsley, who has written an able and interesting book on the Physiology and Pathology of the Human Mind, and of Professor Bain, whom a large number of people seem inclined to accept as an oracle. The scope of the essay is defined by its title with very fair accuracy. It is an attempt to investigate the phenomena and laws of action, starting from the facts supplied by physiology. The problem which the essayist sets before himself is large, being no less than to answer the question, "What is the chief Good, the End of Action?" The answer to this is the First Principle of pure Ethics, as distinguished from applied Ethics, of which the fundamental question is, "How is the chief Good perceived?"

* *Physical Ethics; or the Science of Action. An Essay.* By Alfred Barratt, Fellow of Brasenose College, Oxford. London: Williams & Norgate. 1869.

In discussing the various systems which have hitherto attempted to supply an answer to the first of these important questions, the essayist dismisses as unscientific those which make "Good" a primary quality, incapable of further resolution, having grouped together under this head three systems, which he calls respectively the Moral Sense System, the Rational System, and the Casuistical System. Passing then to those systems which offer an explanation of the nature of "Good," he makes a subdivision between the phenomenal or scientific and the psychological schools of philosophy, the one of which looks upon actions "objectively as parts of the universe," the other "as mere products and affections of the consciousness of the actor":—

The one school has taken its data from the observation of the universe, from the physical laws and their analogies; the other from the particular dicta of our moral consciousness; the one therefore regards Good as a law of nature, the other as a general conception attained by comparison of the various decisions of our moral faculties.

Each of these schools is defective and one-sided:—

The one naturally can supply no *motive*, because motive resides in our secondary states of consciousness, whereas it considers only the primary; the other equally naturally can give no *reason*, because reason implies adoption under law, and law lives in the universe. The present essay has tried to remedy these defects by its conception of a derivation of our secondary from our primary states of consciousness, whereby Good, which we know only in the former, is traced to its origin in the latter, whereby, in other words, Good is shown to be at once a law of the universe and a motive to action.

Any attempt to establish a close connexion between the facts supplied by physiology and the phenomena of mental or moral science, or to derive the latter from the former, has always been looked upon with suspicion by the professors of the latter sciences as indicating a tendency towards crude materialism. And it must be admitted that this suspicion is not wholly unfounded. Cabanis is probably best known to many of us by the famous dictum attributed to him by Carlyle, that "Poetry is an affection of the minor intestines." And as for Professor Bain, he sometimes seems to think that "ganglia" is the last word of mental and moral science, and has bored us to death with his talk about "gauglionic centres." Nevertheless there are advantages attending the attempt to approach moral problems from the point of view of physics, or, more narrowly, of physiology, which far outweigh its dangers. In the first place, it bases on facts a science which is too apt to degenerate into words; and, in the next place, it brings ethical speculations into living connexion with a youthful, vigorous, and progressive science, which by the strides that it is making exercises a daily increasing influence over men's minds and interests. For moral or mental philosophers to give the cold shoulder to devotees of physical science on the score of their materialism is a most dangerous game to play. It can only result in the former being ousted from the field by their younger, stronger, and more popular rivals, with the satisfaction of knowing that by their conduct they have but increased the materialistic tendencies which they condemned and feared.

Mr. Barratt's main purpose is to trace an unbroken connexion, through a course of gradual evolution, between the simplest properties of living tissue—contractility and irritability—and the loftiest and most complex emotions which stir the human breast. The following passage will serve very well to illustrate his point of view:—

Consciousness, an ultimate property of living tissue, is identical in its early stages with pleasure and pain, and is the immediate antecedent of action. When in the course of evolution the organism becomes heterogeneous in its parts, this consciousness is also broken up into species, which, following each other and for a short time co-existing, produce a consciousness of change, and so, by help of association, give birth to Perception and Reasoning. This applied to action makes intentional the previous reflex movements, whereby the organism adapts itself to circumstances, or, in the language of the inner life, aims at pleasure; and thus a conscious pursuit of motives by the use of means is occasioned. By a fuller process of association this becomes organic, or instinctive, and so upon the early and simple emotion a further accretion of associated motive is deposited, whereby in time they are all brought into mutual contact, as the islands first formed in the estuary of a river become mere hillocks in the rising continent. Each, itself an organism, becomes a member of a higher organism continually rising into a unification of the whole emotional nature, as a pyramid rises from story to story until the great apex stone creates the whole into a completed structure. As the pleasure which was originally associated with ends becomes by habituation connected with the means by which those ends are attained, the elements of emotion are lost sight of in their fused alloy, and men take pleasure in virtuous actions for their own sake; and the rules of virtuous conduct are transformed from calculations of pleasure into dicta of a so-called moral sense.

In the same spirit the chapter which succeeds that from which we have been quoting is devoted to showing how the evidence of history confirms that of physiology and psychology by illustrating the manner in which the simple moral conceptions of the savage, finding their germ in the family, are developed into the ever-widening and more complex notions of the tribe, the State, the empire, and the world.

Mr. Barratt divides his essay into two parts. The first part, which is entitled "Derivation from General Experience," consists of a number of axioms and definitions, and of propositions deduced therefrom. We cannot help thinking that his attempt to give the form of rigid deduction to the reasoning by which he supports his propositions is a mistake, and that he has been led astray by his mathematical tastes and the example of Spinoza. It is often very useful to marshal together at the outset of a work the main propositions which are intended to be established, and the postulates which the author has to assume. But *latet dolus in generalibus*; it is almost impossible to connect together by syllogistic reasoning

propositions in which such terms as *e.g.* "consciousness" occur, without letting in the possibility of an ambiguous middle term. We think that Mr. Barratt's propositions are well chosen and well stated, but we confess it seems to us that the appearance of argument by which they are connected is illusory. It is in the second part, "Verification by Special Experience," that his system is really built up. This is divided into three chapters, entitled Facts, Theories, and Objections. In the first he states and develops his own views, the second contains some very thoughtful and acute criticisms of rival or preceding systems, whilst the third speaks for itself. Some important and interesting questions for which room could not be found in the body of the work are discussed in appendices. On the whole, although the essay is complete enough in itself, its arrangement might admit of improvement.

The philosophy of the book we have expressed our intention of not discussing, but one or two remarks may be made on minor points of expression and style. In the first place, "The Good," which constantly recurs in its pages as a synonym for the end of action, does not appear to us to be English. Mr. Barratt was, however, probably induced to employ it by the convenient fact that it is an expression which does not embody a theory—in fact, a kind of *x* which he is at liberty to define as he pleases. Again, he constantly uses *Pleasure* as a synonym of "The Good," and very fairly deprecates being condemned on that ground as the adherent of a grovelling system of ethics. We do not deny that *Pleasure* may be so defined as to be made compatible with the most refined and exalted moral theories, but we do not see that much is gained by this, and we think that Mr. Barratt would have gained in clearness if he had used the term in a more restricted sense. Admitting that the ultimate analysis of activity in its simplest form gives us nothing but an adaptation of an organism to media, and that what we call *Pleasure* necessarily and invariably accompanies the satisfaction of this adaptation, yet we think it would be better to keep distinct names for the fact of satisfaction and for the feeling which accompanies it. We act because we are constituted in a certain way, and pleasure cannot without a certain straining of language be called the motive of action, though it necessarily accompanies the satisfaction of desire. We cannot bathe without getting wet, but it is not in order to get wet that we bathe. So much for the matter of the essay. As to its style, while acknowledging its clearness and accuracy, we have two or three complaints to make about it. It is intolerably overgrown with metaphor. We are no sooner out of one metaphor than we find ourselves involved in another, and some run over two or three pages. There is a great temptation to relieve an arid and abstract subject by the use of metaphors. The danger of employing them is that they often conceal loose and inconsequent reasoning. Not that they have done so here; but it is easily possible to have too much of them, and they have given this essay an Asiatic floridity of style which is out of keeping with its subject. Another fault is a certain tendency to drag in needless notes and illustrations. Mr. Barratt has read widely and thoughtfully, and has a most retentive memory, which has enabled him to illustrate his views and statements from most various and unexpected sources. He seems, for instance, to have found a whole mine of philosophy in *Hudibras*. But some of his quotations remind us of those excellent divines who always think it necessary to fortify an obvious truism by an irrelevant text. Again, he is a little apt to become didactic. Many people, especially women, really like being preached to; we don't, and we confess that to be addressed as "Reader" is to us almost as irritating as "Dearly Beloved Brother." Lastly, we hope that the author may have the opportunity in another edition of correcting sundry typographical errors. It is probably to this head that one difficulty which met us in his book should be referred. Near the top of one page (p. 135) we come upon the startling question, "Why should salvation lie in a white hen?" Why indeed? For a moment

Qui tu galline filius albe
Nos viles pulli nati infelicibus ovibus?

flashed across us as a possible parallel. But on further consideration we prefer to leave the question to be solved by the printer's devil.

TEMPLE BAR.*

HERE the hand of demolition, often averted, sweeps away Temple Bar for ever, at all events from its pristine site, we are glad to see that time-honoured civic monument, together with its historical recollections, made the theme of a painstaking antiquarian memoir. Little is popularly known of this most noteworthy of our City gates. Even professed antiquaries and topographers like Stow have not done much to trace the history and vicissitudes of Temple Bar, or of the streets and parishes adjoining. We cannot say much of the literary merits, or even of the grammatical or typographical accuracy, of Mr. Noble's sketch. His own modest estimate of his qualifications and performance may be set down as true to the mark. His work is a collection of "dry facts," and nothing more. It is not given to everybody to clothe the bones of Dryasdust with the rhetorical flesh and blood of Macaulay. Nor can we expect much either of scholarship or

historical lore from a writer who, to take a single instance, derives "money" from "monte," a "joint-stock or common fund" of the materials of banking. Still Mr. Noble's facts are the fruit of so much wide and unsparing toil, and are in themselves so rich and curious an addition to our knowledge of the subject, that with all his imperfections of erudition or accuracy we consider him to have earned the thanks of the public. Had they undergone the revision of some competent scholar, these memorials loyally brought together by one born, as he is proud to tell us, under the shadow of the Bar itself, would have been entitled to a more prominent place in this class of literary work.

Mr. Noble has not only studied most of the published materials of note upon the antiquities of London, but has worked for himself deep and long in the mine of authentic and inedited matter in the Record Office and other national or civic repositories. By their combined light he traces the course of the great city highway from East to West, from Roman times downwards. The peculiar configuration of the ground forming the site of what was the Fleet Prison suggested to Mr. Roach Smith, by analogy with the similar positions of Evreux and Jubbins, the idea that here the amphitheatre of Roman London had been built into the natural hill. Without speculating on this doubtful point, we may trace the Roman occupation westward of the City proper by the fine sepulchral remains opened in 1800, now in the Guildhall Museum, corroborating Pennant's inference that the *pomarium*, in which the Roman soldiers were buried, the space within which buildings were prohibited, lay to the west of Ludgate, in the line of the present Fleet Street. Along this line parallel to the Thames ran the great western highway, over the bridge which had long stood spanning the Fleet river ere the *Liber Albus* mentions it in 1228. The exact limits of the *pomarium*, or City lands and liberties westward of Ludgate, seem to have been in dispute till long after the Conquest. By the charter given by King Eadgar at the instigation of Archbishop Dunstan to the Abbey of Westminster, A.D. 960, the boundaries of the Abbey lands are defined by the "Old Bourne (Holborn), then within London Fen (afterwards probably Flete Dyke), to the Thames," following evidently the Fleet river, not then contracted, but expanding over the marshes on either side. Thus the Westminster bounds comprised the site now covered by Farringdon Street and Bridge Street. In the fifth year of his reign, however, we find King John directing the Sheriffs of London to repair the road from London to Westminster, which looks as if the jurisdiction of the abbots was by no means co-extensive with these wide claims. At what precise time the barrier which divided the liberties of the City from those of Westminster was finally fixed at its present site does not appear to be historically determined. In 1222 a dispute of long standing between the Abbey of Westminster and the See of London was brought to an end by a decree of the Cardinal Archbishop Stephen Langton, the Bishops of Winchester and Sarum, and the Priors of Dunstable and Merton, the arbitrators between the abbot and bishop. Here the Westminster boundary is drawn as sloping from St. Giles's, by Drury Lane, into the Strand, past "Ulebrig" or Ivy Bridge, at the end of Cecil Street, to the Thames, excluding from the Westminster franchise all the precinct of the Savoy, and the entire parishes of St. Mary-le-Strand and St. Clement Danes. Mr. Noble can but vaguely conjecture that the City's title to the large space intervening had accrued "either by the Conqueror's charter or by the compilation of the Domesday survey." We know, however, that the Church of St. Clement Danes was granted by King John to the Templars (Charter Roll, 1199). It was not till the time of the Stuarts, as stated in the *Archæologia*, that the precise boundaries of Westminster were placed beyond dispute.

Mr. Noble might have done more than he has done towards fixing the primary date of Temple Bar. The earliest mention he finds of it is contained in a grant of 29 Edw. I. (A.D. 1301) to Walter le Barbour, "of a void place in the high street in the parish of St. Clement Danes, *extra barram Novi Templi*." Now among the series of bars (called *barre suburbiorum* in the City regulations 1291-1307), wooden gate-houses with posts and rails, or chains, for purposes of toll, including Holborn, Smithfield, and Whitechapel bars, there had been since 1118 the bar of the Old Temple, near the site of the present Southampton Buildings, on the south side of Holborn. The Old Temple seems to have remained unknown to Mr. Noble, or else, like the editor of the *Liber Albus* (2 Rich. II. p. 425), he might have fallen into the error of confounding the *barra veteris Templi* with the later "Temple Bar." If anything in the nature of a gate stood on the present site in the reign of Stephen it must have fallen a prey to the fire (A.D. 1135) which destroyed St. Paul's, and extended, says the *Liber Albus*, as far as the Church of St. Clement Danes. At the Old Temple, Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, after receiving the visit of King John, died November 16, 1200. The Templars did not move into their new house till near the end of the reign of Henry II., their beautiful church being consecrated with high pomp by Heraclius, Patriarch of Jerusalem, February 10, 1185. About this date, then, the New Bar was beyond question erected. In a roll of 8 Edw. II. (A.D. 1315) we hear of "St. Dunstan's within the bar." In the same year Mr. Noble quotes a petition addressed to the King by the citizens of Westminster, complaining that the way between "la Barre du Nouvel Temple de Londres" and the palace was so bad that in the rainy season they were greatly interrupted, especially by thickets and bushes; to remedy which a tax was laid upon the inhabitants for road repair. This tax being declared too unjust to be enforced, was replaced, in

* *Memorials of Temple Bar, with some Account of Fleet Street, and the Parishes of St. Dunstan and St. Bride, London; chiefly derived from Ancient Records and Original Sources.* By T. C. Noble. London: Diprose & Bateman, 1870.

1353, by a three years' levy of a halfpenny upon every pound's worth of goods, and 3d. upon every sack of wool, 4d. upon every tun of wine, and 6d. upon every last of leather conveyed, either by land or water, to the staple at Westminster. It was not till two centuries after this date, according to Mr. Noble, that Fleet Street and the Strand were thoroughly paved with stone, the road having been previously "full of pits and sloughs, very perilous and noisome." The same pavement is the subject of a patent roll of 28 Edw. III. The houses from the Temple Church to the line of the street were erected by the Templars just previous to 1336. Meanwhile our author shows by many instances that the Fleet Street houses were becoming of some importance. One of them as early as 1321 supplied Edward II. with "six pair of boots, with tassels of silk and drops of silver gilt; price of each pair, 5s."; while a document in the Record Office tells us that in 1520 the buckles for the Guard of Queen Catherine, the first wife of Henry VIII., were supplied from the sign of the "Coppe" in the same street. In the ecclesiastical valuations of this reign, given in Ecton's *Thesaurus*, we find mention of St. Clement "without the bars." In the pipe rolls xv. and xix. of Henry III. we find a lease to the heirs of W. le Marshall of a site for a building in the parish of St. Clement Danes "without the bar of the New Temple." The wooden gate-house, together with two forges which had been granted by Parliament to the Prior of St. John of Jerusalem, and transferred to the Templars, one on each side of St. Dunstan's Church, was destroyed by Wat Tyler and his band in 1381. By 1502 a building of some sort had been erected on the site, as in the *Repertory* in that year (17 Henry VII.), on the occasion of some civic commotion, Alderman Broke, Alderman Fabian, and John Warner are charged with the custody of the gates of Ludgate, Newgate, and Whitefriars, "necon barres Novi Templi." Thirty years later (May 31, 1533), when Anne Boleyn passed from the Tower to her coronation at Westminster, the Fleet conduit, surmounted by angels and with music that made "a heavenly noyse," poured claret and red wine, and Temple Bar, adds Stow, "was newly paynted and repayred, where stood also divers singing men and children." When Edward VI. passed to his coronation, February 19, 1547, the Bar was "painted and fashioned with battlements and buttresses of various colours, richly hung with cloth of arras, and garnished with fourteen standards of flags." Engravings of the procession taken at Ludgate, Temple Bar, and Charing Cross still exist, from the original picture formerly ascribed to Holbein, but more probably the work of Bernardi, who painted the south transept of Chichester Cathedral, and lived hard by. The paintings themselves were formerly in the great dining-room at Cowdray in Sussex, which was unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1793. At Queen Mary's coronation the Bar was again "newly painted and hanged," and in honour of her marriage with Philip it was ordered (June 9, 1554) that "Mr. Chambllyn shall cause a good and substancial new payre of gates to be made and hanged up at Temple Barre." Later in the year (October 23) the Chamberlain is ordered to commit the key of the new gate to the "cyties ten'nte dwellinge nyer unto the saide gates." At Elizabeth's visit, January 14, 1558, the Bar was "dressed finely with the two ymages of Got Magot and Albione, and Corineus the Briton." In the curious plan of the City of London attributed to Ralph Aggas, and dated 1560, re-engraved by Virtue, and lately re-issued by the proprietors of the *Weekly Dispatch*, Temple Bar appears as a covered building, not much unlike what we see it in Hollar's seven-sheet map of London, a gateway with a centre and two side arches. The Royal arms were carved over the carriage way, and those of the City over the foot-passenger posterns. The roof was a slanting one. Between the three openings for traffic were two columns with pedestals, and one at each end.

Many quaint and interesting notices connected with the Bar and its pageants and repairs are accumulated by Mr. Noble, till we come to the time when its downfall seemed inevitable. In the City Archives, May 5, 1636, we find the order for a conference with "Inigo Jones, Esq., Srveyor Genall. of his Matie. Works touching a convenient gate to bee built in that place." Jones's design it is well known was not accepted. But an idea of it can be formed from the plate in Kent's edition of that architect's designs, 1727. An exact description of it is quoted by Mr. Noble from the Harleian MS. in the British Museum. Ruinous and narrow, the old gate was from time to time denounced as a nuisance. A paper read by Sir John Popham before the Privy Council in April, 1664, among the State Papers, calls attention to "ye widening of Temple Barr." Designs by manifold architects began to be submitted. Among them were Sir Balthazar Gerbier, a native of Antwerp, a man of singular parts. Meanwhile the Bar had a narrow escape, the Great Fire stopping only two doors to the east of St. Dunstan's Church. In 1669, the Commissioners of Streets and Sewers having repeatedly urged the reconstruction of the Bar, and recommended the application thereunto of 1,005*l.* out of the proceeds of the new Hackney Coach Tax, His Majesty also having insisted upon its speedy removal, an order went forth for the rebuilding. At the head of the Commissioners for that purpose was Richard, Earl of Dorset. Among their accounts is an entry dated December 25, 1670:—"Pd me, W. Middleton, for counsell for draweing the writings for the removing of Temple Barr, &c., 100*l.*" Within two years from that time the present gate was erected from the design of Sir C. Wren, Joshua Marshall being mason and John Bushnell sculptor. Sir Samuel Starling, Sir Richard Ford, and Sir George Waterman were Lord Mayors during the progress of the work. Whatever

doubt may have been entertained concerning Sir C. Wren's claim to the design is set at rest by the documents cited by Mr. Noble. It is included in the list of works of the great architect, in his son's handwriting, among the Lansdowne MSS. Mr. Noble has added many items from the Guildhall accounts showing the various sums spent upon the structure. The more recent events to which the Bar has been a witness or an adjunct are chronicled by him with a minuteness into which we have neither scope nor desire to follow him. The structure itself has remained from that date to this little changed save by the process of decay, seconded by the acts of certain spoliators who, as our author indignantly deplores, have "made the once handsome gateway very forlorn-looking, by robbing it not only of its carved foliage, its shields of arms over the central arch, and its supporters, but even have abused Majesty himself by robbing him of his baton." Few would suppose that the present shabby and dilapidated gates were put up no longer ago than 1806, on the occasion of Nelson's funeral. Their rapid decay, as well as that of the Bar itself, gives mournful evidence of the deteriorating influences of the London climate. Whether the whole structure is destined to pass into the limbo of things that have been, or to stand a renovated monument to the eyes of generations to come on some new metropolitan site, depends we presume upon the action of the body charged with the arrangement of the New Courts of Law. We would not willingly part for ever with a monument which, if not the handsomest of its order, has yet a decided architectural character of its own, besides forming the centre of so many and so varied associations. It is something, at all events, to be assured that, thanks to painstaking chroniclers like the author before us, the memory of Temple Bar will survive in written story.

ELLIS'S ANTIQUITIES OF HERALDRY.*

THIS volume, whose title-page needs a ready scribe and a patient to copy it in full, is another curiosity from the collection of Mr. Russell Smith. It makes one wonder by what principle of natural selection all who have any sort of craze about antiquarian matters instinctively move in the direction of Soho Square. The amount of knowledge, at any rate the amount of reading, which is got together there must be really very great. Mr. Ellis's own studies are, in their mere extent, quite encyclopædic. He seems to have read everybody, and, what is more and much worse, he quotes everybody. He is in fact eaten up by a *cacoëthes* of quotations. The number of writers from whom Mr. Ellis takes a page here and half a page there is quite appalling. His quotations are perfectly fair and honest; everybody has his own rightly attributed to him. Mr. Ellis has even a typographical device for doing justice to all who have gone before him:—

I have deviated from the custom, in printing books, of giving extracts in the same type as the author's text, and adopted the practice of the *Quarterly Reviews* in that respect. I think the reader is entitled to see at a glance what is written by the author and what is not; this distinction is a relief to the eye, and even to the mind. We are well content in the pages of a Macaulay, a Mill, and a Lecky, to see the facts they adduce embodied in eloquent and convincing periods, and to meet with no check in the smooth and onward flow of their rhetoric; but lengthy quotations, if not obviously distinctive, baulk the reader's expectations, and impede his discrimination.

This is all very well so far; but would it not have been better still to remember that the practice which is quite in place in a quarterly review—we might make bold to add in a weekly review also—is quite out of place in a book. There cannot be a better rule than never to quote at all in the text. In a note or an appendix quotations are constantly in place. But a habit of quoting in the text, if it does not spring from idleness, certainly leads to idleness. Whether the quotation is made to be confirmed or to be refuted, in either case the author throws off a certain portion of responsibility from himself upon the author whom he quotes. A short, sharp saying now and then is another matter; what we complain of is Mr. Ellis's way of interrupting most pages of his own text with half a page or a page or two pages of somebody else. We take thirteen pages from 56 to 69. On p. 56 there is a note of more than half a page from Smith's Dictionary of Mythology (where, by the way, Dr. Leonard Schmitz is cruelly misrepresented as talking about *Evevermus* instead of *Evemerus*); on pp. 57–58 we get a whole page of Grote's History of Greece; on pp. 58–59 another page or more of Pococke's India in Greece; on pp. 60–61 more than half a page of Mr. Cox's Mythology, besides shorter extracts from Professor Müller; on pp. 61–63 nearly two pages of "the Chronicle (a weekly Review)"; on pp. 63–65 nearly two pages from the *Saturday Review*, which our modesty is nearly overwhelmed at finding called a "high critical authority"; lastly on pp. 66–69 a series of extracts from Mr. Grote, Mr. C. W. King, Professor Müller, the Archaeological Journal, the Journal of the Archaeological Association, the Gentleman's Magazine, and—will it be believed?—Mr. Keane's Temples and Towers of Ireland. Mr. Ellis, it will be at once seen, in no way despises either good books or new books; it is rather his boast to be up to the newest lights:—

* *The Antiquities of Heraldry, collected from the Literature, Coins, Gems, Vases, and other Monuments of Pre-Christian and Mediæval Times; with a Catalogue of early Armorial Seals; tending to show that Modern Heraldry embodies or is derived from the Religious Symbols, the Military Devices, and the Emblems of the Heathen Deities of Antiquity.* By William Smith Ellis, Esq., of the Middle Temple. London: J. R. Smith. 1869.

Philology, Archaeology, and Science generally, have recently made such rapid strides, not so much by new discoveries, as by a bolder and more unprejudiced view of the relation and significance of known facts. In this way Cuvier has been dethroned by Darwin; the old school of Geologists has been supplanted by Lyell and his followers; in Natural Theology, Jowett, Lewes, and others have shaken faith in Paley; Ethnology is becoming a science, and the Pre-historic Man is no longer a dream and a fancy. Of all the numerous and interesting branches of Archaeology, Heraldry alone, or the History of Symbolism, has made no advance, and received no elucidation from an enlarged spirit of inquiry, from wider views, and a more extended generalization.

But with all this, Mr. Ellis is evidently one of the sect which thinks that "a book is a book," or, as we once heard it put with yet more undoubting faith, "I thought that everything that is in print must be true." Grote and Pococke, Cox and Bryant, Lubbock and Keane, all come alike to him; he seems to have no notion that there is any sort of difference in their several weights or values, or, if there be, he is rather inclined to make the *ἥσσον λόγος*—for, with Mr. Ellis before us, we ourselves cannot help quoting—weigh down the *κρίτων*. What are we to call this state of mind? "Pre-scientific" is not the word; for "pre-scientific" implies either ignorance of the existence of the newest lights or else a wilful shutting of the eyes against them. This is not exactly Mr. Ellis's state, for, as we have seen, he reads and quotes the latest and best writers on most subjects. Only the unlucky thing is that he seems to be none the better for reading and quoting them. When a man who has read as much as Mr. Ellis has read wilfully falls back on Bryant, Pococke, and Keane, he is not so much pre-scientific as directly anti-scientific.

Now, it may be asked, what is the aim and object of Mr. Ellis's book? It is written in answer to Mr. Planché, Mr. Nichols, and other reasonable people, who, having the evidence of facts before their eyes, assert that heraldry had no being earlier than the eleventh century. In answer to this, Mr. Ellis gets together all the instances that he can find of badges and devices, personal, family, or national, all mystical symbols, all figures and marks in short that have at any time been used, or supposed to have been used, in any part of the world. Nothing comes amiss to him; the phallus of course and the "pre-Christian cross" naturally occupy a large space in his speculations. Some of these speculations are wild enough, but the amusing thing is that they might all be admitted without doing one whit to strengthen Mr. Ellis's own position or to weaken that of Mr. Planché and Mr. Nichols. Supposing bends and chevrons and everything of the kind can be traced up to the worship of Ash-taroth or to the Eleusinian mysteries or to anything else that Mr. Ellis pleases, Mr. Planché and Mr. Nichols are in no way damaged. Their proposition is that heraldry cannot be traced back beyond the twelfth century. That is to say, heraldry in the ordinary sense, the employment of certain fixed hereditary devices on shields as the distinguishing marks of certain families, which no other families might assume. It is of the essence of heraldry that the devices should be on shields and should be hereditary. And nothing is more certain than that devices on shields were not hereditary before the twelfth century. In the eleventh century, as the Bayeux Tapestry witnesses, men adorned their shields with devices, but they used what devices they pleased. It did not follow that a man should always use the same device, still less that the son should always use the same device as the father. When William sent his challenge to Geoffrey of Anjou, he sent word, among other things, what armour he meant to wear. A French or English King in the days of Froissart need have sent no such message. Now heraldry, as a fixed system, undoubtedly grew out of the capricious devices of the eleventh century, and any of the devices then used may have had any of the origins which Mr. Ellis chooses to attribute to them. But all this proves nothing. What Mr. Planché says is that devices on shields did not become hereditary till the twelfth century, and all the curious facts—for no doubt many of them are facts—which Mr. Ellis has got together do not go one inch towards proving that they did.

Mr. Ellis's book is curious in another way. It shows how much a man may read and transcribe on all manner of subjects, and yet how very elementary his notions of history and scholarship may remain all the time. Mr. Ellis, as becomes a herald, is very fond of lions; but his fondness leads him to see lions in many places where no lions are to be found:—

The Greek and Roman names into which it enters are numerous: as Leocrates, Leodamas, Leon, Leonatus, Leonidas, Leander, &c. In the Teutonic language, we have Leonard, Leopold, Leowulf, Leofric, &c. In Denmark names derived from it are abundant, as Louenharz, Louenstern, &c. And this is accounted for, as the Anglo-Norman nobility of Danish descent principally bore lions in their arms. In Saxon England, names of persons or places into which the word lion enters are rare, if not entirely wanting, whilst those animals, as the fox, deer, swan, goat, bear, wolf, &c., which are heraldic ensigns amongst the Germans, and which do not occur amongst those of the Anglo-Normans, enter plentifully into the local nomenclature of the Saxon settlements.

Fancy Leodamas and Leocrates being derived from *λεων*, and Leopold, and Leofric! *Λεων* and *leod*, as well as *love* and *lief*—words not yet wholly extinct in the English tongue—have no place in Mr. Ellis's Greek and Teutonic vocabulary. We wonder when Mr. Ellis wrote down "Leo-frie," whether he thought "Leo" was at any time an English form, and what idea he attached to the syllable *frie*. But mark Mr. Ellis's minute accuracy on one point. In "Saxon England," he tells us, lion-names "are rare, if not entirely wanting"—a rule to which the Anglian Leofric, if only it were a lion-name, would of course be no exception. Emboldened by this, when Mr. Ellis goes on to tell us that "the

first Duke of Aquitaine, living 668, was surnamed *Loup*, as were two Dukes of Gascony of the same race," we venture to ask whether Mr. Ellis can guarantee the exact Aquitanian spelling of the year 668, for to our eyes the form *Loup* savours a little too much of the speech either of Paris or of Stratford-atte-Bow. Indeed we are not quite sure that we can identify all Mr. Ellis's wolfish Dukes, though there were certainly several of the name in those parts; but it does not much matter, as a Duke Lupus of Champagne figures in Gregory of Tours a good deal earlier. Moreover Count *Guelph* of Bavaria would show his whelpish nature more clearly if he were allowed to be spelt in his natural fashion *Welf*. And while we are among the wild beasts, we would suggest to Mr. Ellis, who reads everything, that he will find matter really illustrating some of his views in Mr. Dawkins's speculations on the retreat of the lion from Europe.

Mr. Ellis of course is not satisfied with the plain fact that hereditary bearings began in the twelfth century; he would gladly carry them up to the days of the Seven against Thebes. Now supposing that all the devices on shields given by Æschylus and Euripides were strictly historical, the fact would prove nothing, as it is plain that they are merely personal, and not hereditary, devices. But Mr. Ellis strangely fancies that he has found a case of an hereditary bearing on the shield of Parthenopaios in Euripides. That hero bore on his shield an *ἰωνυόεισιον*, which Mr. Ellis translates a "family device." But this is surely a very odd translation of *οἰκίον*, which doubtless means simply that the badge of Parthenopaios was one that was all his own, and unlike that of any one else. So it certainly was, and a family device it also was in a certain sense, as it was a representation of his own mother. But for that very reason, as we cannot suppose that Atalanta carried her own picture, it could not possibly be an hereditary bearing in Parthenopaios, though it might have become so to his son. And, after all, those heroic devices make very queer sort of heraldry. Pictures of Atalanta and Prometheus and Typhon are rather too much in the style of that pious crusader Duke William of Aquitaine, who so impudently carried the picture of his neighbour's wife on his shield, and gave a still more impudent reason for doing so.

Mr. Ellis, unlucky in Greece, is not much more lucky in Germany. Will it be believed that he actually swallows the alleged "Leges Hastiludiales" of Henry the Fowler in 938? That the whole thing is an utter anachronism we should perhaps have some difficulty in making Mr. Ellis understand. But it is plain, as the phrase is, to the meanest capacity that Henry the Fowler, who died in 936, could not be making laws on any subject in 938, and it is hardly less plain that Henry the Fowler never called himself "Imperator Augustus." To do the original forger justice, he gives the Saxon or Frankish King no such title, but Mr. Ellis, in the simplicity of his heart, has copied Goldast's heading, as if it were part of the text. Mr. Ellis's argument for the use of hereditary bearings in Germany in the tenth century A.D. is worth exactly as much as his argument for their use in Greece in whatever century B.C. he may look on as the date of the siege of Thebes.

On turning over Mr. Ellis's pages again we find many curious things. For instance, it is hardly credible that William of Poitiers' story of William the Conqueror's challenge to Geoffrey, which we mentioned above, is actually quoted—second-hand—to show that armorial bearings were known in those days. If Mr. Ellis had read William of Poitiers through he would hardly have written this astounding sentence:—

Wace in the *Roman de Rou* speaking of Harold's standard, says his gonfanon was a noble one, sparkling with gems and precious stones. He omits the incident of the device with which it was charged, which we learn from the Bayeux Tapestry, where we find the standard of a dragon by his side.

Dragon and Fighting Man, gold and gold-thread, are seemingly all one to Mr. Ellis. In the next page, maugre Mr. Stapleton, Gundrada of course becomes William's daughter. In p. 212 we are solemnly asked, "Because in Domesday Book some persons (!) are entered with only their Christian names, are we to conclude that they had no surnames?" Lastly, to choose a few things out of many, Mr. Ellis in p. 186 supplies the missing link which was to make Hugh the Wolf a nephew of the Conqueror. His mother was "Emma de Conteville, daughter of Harlotta [*sic*], mother of Will I." We have not the honour of this lady's acquaintance, and, till Mr. Ellis gives his authority for her, we shall venture to class her with another lady who appears in the same page. In these sceptical days, when people test pedigrees and draw maps of Earldoms, it is really charming to meet our old friend Lucy. She figures as "daughter of Algar Earl of Chester and sister of Morcar Earl of Lincoln"—why of Lincoln more than of Tinsbuctoo we have not the faintest idea.

STEINMETZ ON THE GAMING-TABLE.*

CRITICISM on the execution of this work must be modified by the author's announcement that immediately after its completion he was afflicted with a degree of blindness that rendered it impossible for him either to read or write. Had he been able to revise these pages with the necessary care he would probably have corrected a fair share of the numerous blunders with which they are now disfigured. Some mistakes arise from pure carelessness, or from a want of familiarity with the niceties of social arrangements in England which is excusable in a writer whom we may suppose,

* *The Gaming-Table; its Votaries and Victims, in all Times and Countries, especially in England and in France.* By Andrew Steinmetz, Esq., &c. 2 vols. London: Tinsley Brothers.

from his name, to be of foreign extraction. Thus we find the brother of Lord Stair called Lord Mark Stair, Sir Frederick Thesiger raised to the peerage as Lord Cholmondeley, and the well-known seat of the Lytteltons in Worcestershire described as Hogley. Other errors, however, are evidence of more serious ignorance. Thus Mr. Steinmetz couples Montaigne and Descartes together as equals in philosophical rank; though the remark which he attributes to the former, and for the sake of which his name is introduced—that chess is a stupid and childish game—is neither philosophical nor true. If we remember rightly, however, what Montaigne wishes to express as his opinion on chess is that he avoided it himself because he feared he might be diverted, by its absorbing interest, from due attention to the practical business of the day. But Mr. Steinmetz appears to have queer notions generally about intellectual pre-eminence, for in another place he affirms that three of the greatest geniuses in England were Lords Halifax, Anglesey, and Shaftesbury, and to increase our bewilderment he makes them all three contemporaries, and also friends of Locke. Mr. Steinmetz is here clearly confounding Shaftesbury, the unscrupulous politician and the patron of Locke, with his grandson, the author of the *Characteristics*, and we should be glad if he would inform us what claims to genius were possessed by Arthur Annesley, Earl of Anglesey, Saville, Marquis of Halifax, was undoubtedly an able politician; but is Mr. Steinmetz sure that he was not thinking of a subsequent Earl of Halifax, of quite another family, whose natural abilities were far more brilliant?

Leaving the execution of these volumes, we have a remark to make on their general design and scope. A history of the gaming-table is sure to settle down, after a while, into a collection of anecdotes of celebrated gamblers, and of their vices, their freaks, and their follies. Mr. Steinmetz may have contemplated a learned treatise on the invention of dice, on *tali* and *tessere*, and on the ancient use of playing cards, but after a very brief excursion to ancient India, and a glance at the love of both Greeks and Romans for gambling, he settles down on the main road of modern social history, and especially of English social history, from the middle of the last century to the suppression of Crockford's and similar establishments. This, although a manifest limitation of his original plan, will probably be more satisfactory to a numerous class of readers, who delight in becoming acquainted with any details or incidents of the personal lives of distinguished men. But we must remind Mr. Steinmetz that the ground over which he travels had been well trodden, and that it is difficult for the most diligent explorer to find anything of interest or importance of which the world has not long ago been made aware. From a hundred memoirs, autobiographies, and correspondences we can form a good idea of society in the reigns of the Second and Third Georges. It is needless to say that gambling, under different forms, was one of the principal amusements, and in some cases one of the principal occupations, of that society, and that this important element has not been forgotten by those who have striven to perpetuate its recollections. It is more Mr. Steinmetz's misfortune, therefore, than his fault that most of his stories are very old, but we must add that he rarely improves these oft-told tales by his method of narration. We may instance the well-known story (vol. i. p. 267) about the lady who declined to receive bank-notes in payment of a gambling debt. The point of this story lies in a *double-entendre* that, to say the least, unfits it for the drawing-room; but its present narrator repeats it evidently without the slightest suspicion that it contains anything beneath the surface. In fathering his anecdotes, too, Mr. Steinmetz rarely departs from that convenient custom which credits Sheridan and Sydney Smith with the authorship of most unacknowledged social and political jokes, and leaves the *bons-mots* of the gaming-table to George Selwyn and Fox. This method saves a deal of trouble, at any rate; and if the joke itself has any merit, it is perhaps as well to associate it with a well-known name.

But apart from these conventional weaknesses, which are inseparable from any compilation—and the history of the gaming-table, as we have said, can be little else than a compilation of anecdotes of gamblers—Mr. Steinmetz gives us some amusing reading about the whims and oddities of those who surrender themselves to the influence of this passion. The love of gambling is so widespread, and sustains itself under such disadvantageous circumstances, that a pleasant chapter is made up by describing the shifts to which gamblers are often put to procure the means for their diversion. But just as Porson is said to have tossed off a bottle of embrocation when he could find nothing else to drink in the room, so the gambler, deprived of dice, of cards, and of the table, rises superior to the difficulties of his position. We remember how in the last century, when a man was thrown off his horse in St. James's Street, the odds were laid and taken in hundreds at White's about his living or dying; and how, when he was brought into the club in a state of unconsciousness, those who had wagered on his decease strongly objected to a proposal to send for a surgeon, as being an unfair advantage to the other side. Betting on drops of rain running down a window pane, and backing one against another for speed, is a well-known resource for frozen-out gamblers; and the Americans, in true go-ahead style, have by the invention of Fly Loo established eccentric wagering on a solid basis. At Fly Loo the players sit round a table, each with a lump of sugar before him, and the player upon whose lump a fly first perches carries off the pool, which is sometimes enormous. Even this, however, is capped

by a device for promoting gambling hit upon by some undergraduates, and recorded in the *Oxford Magazine*:—

A few days ago, as some sprigs of nobility were dining together at a tavern, they took the following conceit into their heads after dinner. One of them observing a maggot come from a filbert, which seemed to be uncommonly large, attempted to get it from his companion, who, not choosing to let it go, was immediately offered five guineas for it, which was accepted. He then proposed to run it against any other two maggots that could be produced at table. Matches were accordingly made, and these poor reptiles were the means of 500*l.* being won and lost in a few minutes.

In the *Annual Register* for 1812 will be found a curious investigation of a charge of assault on a police-officer. He had observed in the distance two men going through the respective parts of hangman and culprit, and he arrived on the spot just in time to see the hangman duly turn off the culprit, and the culprit hanging by his neck from a lamp-post. As in duty bound, he was about to interfere in this process, when the rope broke and down came the man, whose first act on recovering consciousness was to knock the officer head over heels. On inquiry it turned out that the two men in question had been gambling together, and that one had won all the other's money. After that they tossed for their clothes, and the loser lost them also. Then, as it was inconvenient to walk about the streets without clothes, they tossed up which of the two should hang the other, and the loser lost this toss also. After a friendly farewell, the loser was honourably submitting to the process of hanging when it was unfortunately interrupted in the manner we have stated. Even in duels, which were such an everyday sequel to gambling transactions, the element of betting was not wanting:—

I was told of a German, who, being compelled to fight a duel on account of a quarrel at the gaming-table, allowed his adversary to fire at him. He was missed. Thereupon he said to his opponent, "I never miss. I bet you a hundred ducats that I break your right or left arm, just as you please." The bet was taken—and the arm broken in a workmanlike manner.

The eccentricity of gamblers is increased, if anything, when their passions are inflamed by heavy losses. Moore tells a good story of a man, who had lost all his money at Crockford's, leaving that establishment brimful of bad temper, and meeting a perfect stranger on the top of the stairs who was stooping down and tying his shoe. "D— you, Sir," said the loser, "you're always tying your shoe"; and forthwith kicked him down stairs. The same perverse inability to acknowledge the plainest facts, the same desire to pick a quarrel at all hazards, both so characteristic of men smarting under the blows of ill fortune, are illustrated by Mr. Steinmetz in a scene that was witnessed in a noted hell in Dublin. An angry caster, who had lost all his money and all his temper, placed at last his black hat in the centre of the table, and swore that it was white, of course hoping that some uncautious individual would contradict him. But as all seemed quite willing to admit that the hat was white, he bounced out of the room, and a particularly good-humoured-looking player, who had won freely, took the box in turn. Soon afterwards this second caster met with as bad luck as the first, and was left penniless. Glaring round the room, and striking the table with his hand, he roared out, "Where is the rascal who said his hat was white?" If those two men had met again that evening, we may be sure that pistols for two would have been ordered for the next morning.

We need not say that the dodges of gamblers are as numerous as their eccentricities. In gaming, every man's hand is against his neighbour; and there are plenty of players always ready to take advantage of the slightest opening for fraudulent practice. Wherever gambling flourishes there are a set of men who live by it; and to live by gambling a man must not stick at trifles. The Greeks, as these gentry are called, perpetuate those habits of deceit and chicanery with which the Grecian character was so unhappily tainted:—

Ingenium velox, audacia perdita . . . Omnia novit
Graculus esuriens in cœlum; jussus, ibit.

Sharp wits, sharp eyes, unbounded audacity, and absence of all scruples where the getting of money was concerned, these were the weapons with which the men who made gaming a trade fought their adversaries. It would be a distasteful task to discuss the details of their dirty craft. Sleight-of-hand was of course an important requisite, and false cards, marked cards, loaded dice, and spurious money were brought into use whenever the necessity arose. The reader of these volumes will find in them quite sufficient information on these subjects, much of it derived from Robert Houdin's *Tricheries des Grecs dévoilées*, which is the textbook on the science. A more laughable phase of swindling was illustrated by a proficient in a lower walk of life, who had the power of holding one coin in the muscles of the palm of the hand while he brought out a second on the table at pleasure. This practitioner's game was tossing, and he played it with two coins, one of which had two heads and the other two tails. If "head" was called, the "tail" coin appeared, and the other coin, caught up in the palm of his hand, ran down his wrist with precision and rapidity. This was the game of "Heads I win, tails you lose," played to perfection. By a similar method this ingenious person contrived to go through all the turnpikes in the kingdom toll-free:—

In going to a fight or to a racecourse, when he reached a turnpike he held a shilling between his fingers, and said to the gatekeeper, "Here, catch," and made a movement of the hand towards the man, who endeavoured to catch what he saw. The shilling, however, by a backward jerk, ran down the sleeve of the coat, as if it had life in it, and the gatekeeper turned round to look in the dust, when the tall gaffer drove on, saying, "Keep the change."

Mr. Steinmetz devotes a chapter at the end of his book to an elucidation of many very elaborate card tricks. As a matter of curiosity, it may be worth while to look at some of these; but we would not recommend our readers to study them too closely, much less to strive to become adepts in their manipulation. People who can play pranks of this sort with the cards are certain to be regarded coldly and suspiciously; and the only trick at cards valued among gentlemen is that of winning the odd trick at whist by superior play.

DUBOIS'S ARTISTIC COOKERY.*

ANOTHER "Cook's oracle"! "Scitatum oracula ventris (it might be "gule" but for the false quantity) Mittimus!" And truly, if the responses are given in any approximate proportion to the cost of seeking, which in this case means purchasing the volume, a visit to this shrine ought not to be fruitless. But wherefore another Cook's oracle, it may be asked, when Ude, Frascattelli, Soyer, Jules Gouffé, with a host of minor culinary stars, have done so much to satisfy the demands of artist and epicure alike? It would seem that a point of honour is involved. Since the days of Vatel, that martyr to an exigent sense of what was due to his art and to his master, the sensitiveness of artists of the cuisine has been proverbial; and we can believe that every pre-eminent *officier de bouche* regards it as a sacred debt to the employer whose palate he serves, that he should allow no rival chef to outdo him either in conception or in execution, either in serving a dinner or ball-supper, or in setting out an account of them in print. If we admit this solution, it becomes manifest why the chef de cuisine of their Prussian Majesties owes it to himself and his Royal patrons to plunge into the pursuits of literature, and why, when making this plunge, and for a time forsaking the knife and the mould for the pen and the quarto page, etiquette constrains him to do so in a two-guinea volume wherein the arts of cookery and pastry in general, and the perfection which they attain in the Prussian Court in particular, may be adequately and faithfully celebrated.

It is expedient, however, for practical purposes, that we should examine what this splendid-looking volume is to do for those who master its contents; and if we may assume at once the standpoint of the many who do not fare sumptuously every day, or command habitual access to those *divitum mense* at which the Paris Correspondent of a contemporary has always a knife and fork, but who for the most part live plainly enough to keep the mental vision unenslaved to the tyrant stomach, we should say that in these pages there is for plain folks very much to amuse, very much to admire rather than to envy, and some little to profit by and to make a note of. To our thinking M. Urban Dubois is not a tithe as entertaining, companionable, or practicable as Jules Gouffé, of whom he falls very far short in simplicity, common sense, and engaging frankness. But the most epicurean of readers can hardly fail to be tickled by the grandiloquence, mystery, and eternal flourish of trumpets wherewith in this book Urban Dubois seeks to exalt his office—an office to which literature, sculpture, architecture, painting, and the fine arts generally are but so many handmaids; and every one must be struck with the marked contrast in this respect between him and his more practical compatriot. The style of each, in fact, appreciably affects their books. Whilst on closing that of Gouffé we feel that he has condescended to our level, and put us in good conceit with our limited culinary possibilities, the distant visions of Prussian splendour of which M. Dubois vouchsafes us a mysterious glimpse are rendered more remote and unapproachable by his manifest dislike of descending to aught below regal magnificence, and of contemplating any dinners which are not for the monarch or the millionaire. Even on the point of number of guests he would be the very antipodes of Mr. Walker, the editor of the *Original*, and would shrug his shoulders at the notion of a Christmas dinner for three of crimped cod, woodcocks, and plum-pudding; or of a party of six, which sat down, with the aforementioned "aristologist," to spring soup, turbot, ribs of beef, a crab, and some jelly. "The degree of importance of a dinner," according to M. Dubois, "is indicated by the number of the *entrées*," which regulates the number of removes, roasts, and entremets; and if he is alive to the meaning of English adjectives, such dinners of importance must be dull affairs, for he lays down, *à propos* of bills of fare, that "they should be simple, serious, and correct, like the dinners they announce." Now a really simple dinner may be delightful; a correct dinner, in the sense of a dinner *comme il faut*, is what most people would appreciate; but if, from a glance at the carte which details the viands to be partaken of, a guest could get an inkling that the entertainment was to be "serious," it would be the part of poor generalship if he did not invent an excuse, and beat a retreat *in limine*. We surmise, however, that the author is not so solicitous about the exact meaning of his epithets as about their grandeur and sonorousness, and that the sentence we have quoted is really a hit at some unnamed entertainers who "provide too long a bill of fare for too short a dinner;" and that our surmise is not unfounded may be gathered from one or two samples of fine language which, if they do not add to the amount of information given in *Artistic Cookery*, at any rate contribute to the amusement derivable from it. Thus in p. 7 he tells us that "hâtelets" (i.e. the ornaments variously applicable to "cold pieces," relevés, and entrées) are the

"diamonds of cookery, only to be shown on solemn occasions, and applied to such pieces as are worthy of such an honour"; but although he suggests that hâtelets should not be counterfeit or inedible, for fear an epicure should take a fancy to a sham crayfish or cock's-comb, it does not seem to have occurred to him that the comparison to diamonds would be all the more forcible if the inedible hâtelets were likened to the paste jewellery which so frequently counterfeits the real article. Another rich sample of fine language is to be found in his directions for "carp à la chambre." "I may say," he writes, "that the carp is a fish of opportuneness rather than of luxury"—a distinction which reminds us of a story told of a country amphitryon in our younger days, who used to be seen, net in hand, running down to his fish-pond to catch a carp just as the carriages were setting down the guests for his dinner-party. Indeed, so great is M. Dubois's fondness for tall talk about the works of his calling that we are led to think he has contracted it from the daily habit of constructing pyramids and lighthouses and towers and rocks, of gum-paste and almond-paste, and icing-sugar, and what-not. Otherwise it would be hard to divine the meaning of such a sentence as the following in reference to "removes of meat":—

Removes of meat, like those of fish, possess the privilege, over other dishes, of being served in voluminous forms, without overstepping the rules that are admitted and tolerated; this prerogative is certainly consistent and logical; bold proportions are in unison with those pieces of meat, which represent in our eyes the strength and sturdiness of the robust animals which man, who rules the earth, subjugates by his intelligence and appoints to be his food.

A tolerably large-proportioned mouthful, we think, for a reader to swallow, when he is required to learn that large joints, even such as the double-haunch of mutton figured in Plate 9, are admissible at a "classic" dinner, whatever that may represent. At another place we are almost bidden to believe that "the ornamentation of cold pieces" is "the study of the infinite," and "that to look for luxury beyond the true principles of this science" is "to lose oneself in the mazes of uncertainty"—a statement which to an English cook would convey the meaning that "hasty cookery" was tantamount to "atheism"; and elsewhere, again, on the topic of green peas, our author exhibits much orthodox gratitude in the remark that "Nature in her benevolent bounty and maternal providence scatters her treasures over the whole surface of the earth." But perhaps it is a little hard to find fault with M. Dubois for his efforts to be eloquent and classical in diction, for has he not studied at Rome the science of modelling, with a view to culinary ornamentation, as well as of applying icing sugar to pieces of pastry? And, to tell the truth, he does much to disarm our criticism when, besides assigning to old England a special favour of Providence in the matter of green peas, he states emphatically that John Bull can boast the finest and best flavoured venison, the richest and most juicy sirloins of beef, and the most delicious and distinguished turkeys in the world.

Mollified by this flattering unction, let us turn from the manner to the matter of this so-called album of classic cookery. And we must begin with admitting that, though it is obvious that its author only contemplates the entertainments of the wealthy of the earth, there is a fair share of tolerably simple and achievable dishes as to which directions are given in these pages. He is too fond of Madeira sauce for his "calves' kidneys sautées," and his thrushes à la Médicis, and "émincé of roebuck on bordure"; and sets at nought evidently the sound wisdom of Gouffé, whose manual substitutes any sound white wine for so precious a draught; and when one reads of seven chickens being required to make an entrée—namely, "chicken-fillets with truffles" (see p. 58)—it is a relief to find that so many head of poultry are not actually slaughtered for the breasts only, as the chickens' legs (fourteen there will be of them) are especially devoted to the preparation of a "supreme sauce." But in his "pigeons stuffed with mushrooms," "sweetbreads à la Colbert," "epigrammes of lamb à la Jardinière," "lobster cutlets à la Victoria," and suchlike dishes, there is plenty of good taste, and little deviation from simplicity, barring in some instances the Madeira. His "salmi of woodcocks" (p. 68), and his "vol-au-vent à la marinière" (p. 62), prepared by competent artists, would satisfy the daintiest palate, and yet not argue any grave extravagance. In truth it is more when he enters the regions of "cold pieces" and "pastry" that M. Urban Dubois soars far above the heads of common folk, and propounds subjects for ornament rather than use, which excite our marvel by their elaborate unreality. In Plate 20, No. 136, is engraved "A Bastion in Pain of Game"; and by help of the letterpress we find that it consists of a fabric of wood, masked in fat, and externally wrought in fat with an outside glaze. One of course infers that the bastion must have something edible within it, but the wight who storms the citadel will be puzzled, without directions, where to lay his hand on the hidden treasure. It seems, however, that beside cannon-balls of black truffles, peeled, which lie in heaps very convenient for the besieging party, the central and surrounding towers contain "pain" of pheasant, partridge, grouse, mountain cock, &c., all no doubt very good, when one can get at it. Just such another device is the "Bastion of Eels" in p. 101, while "Neptune's Chariot" in the same page and engraving seems to be all wire, wood, and fat, except the crayfish and lobsters which give reality to the fat waterfall and the small trout, cooked *au bleu*, which crowd the space between the first and second gradin. The War, Fishing, and Hunting Trophies, which follow, may and must require skill for modelling, but since in these there is even less appeal to the gustative sense than in the Bastions, one may

* *Artistic Cookery*. With Eighty Engraved Plates. By Urban Dubois, Chef de Cuisine of their Majesties the King and Queen of Prussia. London: Longmans & Co. 1870.

be excused for appreciating more highly the Wild Boar's Head in galantine (p. 126-7) and the "Ham historique" in p. 109, both *pièces de résistance*, and the latter a very fair surprise, it being a sham sucking-pig of modelled butter with a real ham back, cooked, carved, and ready for use. In the pastry sections we have pavilions, lighthouses, spires, rocks, ruins, waterfalls, wherein gum-paste, almond-paste, icing sugar, and spun sugar play their appropriate parts; but most of these *chefs d'œuvre* have nothing edible—e.g. the grand *pièce gothique*, p. 205-6, has nothing edible except the cakes which garnish the base of the rock, even the biscuit-work and the sugar which forms the rock being only meant to be looked at. In Plate 60 there is a very pretty piece called *Hive meringue*, or "*Meringue en ruche*," and as one learns that certain "meringues" are the traditional entremets of the family dinners of the Prussian Court, it might seem safe to conclude that the first-named piece would be a very "pretty dish to set before the King" by way of variety. But hear M. Dubois. "Such pieces are not generally made to be eaten, therefore are not to be filled inside, but may be surrounded with small meringues garnished with cream." The King's eye alone can feast on this "hive" unrestrainedly; and the disappointment must be akin to that of one who, seeing the "Ruin in Genoese cake" (p. 204), thinks to himself that there can be no harm in going on with the work of devastation implied in the name. Alas! a study of M. Dubois's letterpress apprises us that these ruins are not meant to be eaten. For the importunate and ravenous there is an apologetic garnish of cakes at the bottom.

To do M. Dubois justice, there is more reality in his treatment of fish cookery. It is true that in one of his cold pieces—river-trout with jelly—he recommends that the lobsters at each end of the stand should be of cast-fat, and the same is the case with the coral in like pieces; but in fish removes he is not only exceptionally practical and sensible, but also exhibits a curious knowledge of the collateral branch of natural history. His researches into the latter are of course ruled by his love of his own art, but this part of his book is all the more interesting for its information about the Houchen of the South German rivers, the Fogosch of the Austrian lakes, the Pagel of the Mediterranean, and, chief of all, the *Segui*, a whitish trout of great fragrance, lightness, and delicacy, from Russia, which M. Dubois will answer for our getting fresh from St. Petersburg if we will pay for it. He lauds also the Yankee luxury of turtle forefins à l'Américaine, which he served at Königsberg last autumn for a dinner of a hundred guests; and suggests that European fish-markets might as easily avail themselves of the American novelties in the fish line (the Weak-fish, the Blue-fish, the Sheephead-fish, &c.) as the New World markets supply themselves with our fish. He thinks, indeed, that we might take a hint from their wonderful pains and success in transporting all sorts of fish for market supply. It is unnecessary to say that he prescribes for all these strange fish the most appropriate and appetizing mode of cookery. But we are most taken with his views as to the cooking of our old standard fish—cod, turbot, salmon; those time-honoured dainties which no new comers are likely to supplant, and which he seeks to render even more acceptable by hints as to dressing. Thus, for instance, he strongly urges that "to eat a cod-fish with all its exquisite qualities, it must be cut into slices before it is cooked" (p. 12); "that salmon (whatever may be said to the contrary) is not always cooked to perfection when boiled whole," and that it is an excellent plan to serve it cut into slices—an elegant sample for a ball-buffet will be found at p. 92. This plan of slicing is in high favour with those fish epicures, the Dutch, who achieve the highest success in this way with their turbots. No doubt a fine turbot is a fine sight on table; "but real amateurs of fish sacrifice the form to the delicacy of the food, by having turbots boiled, crimped, or at least cut up." As this hint is for work-a-day folks worth all the triumphs of paste and sugar in the later pages of the volume, we shall make no apology for transcribing it, by way of showing that we have not come empty away from the oracle of Urban Dubois. "Turbot cut in slices," p. 21:—

First the fish is divided lengthwise into two parts, which are again divided crosswise into slices of different lengths. To set the flesh of the turbot, it should be sprinkled with salt, and thus left for ten or twelve minutes, with the addition of a few pieces of ice. Twenty minutes previous to serving, it is steeped in cold water, then plunged into boiling salted water; having boiled for five minutes the pan is drawn to the side of the fire, covered with its lid, and the liquid kept simmering for 12 or 18 minutes, according to the thickness of the pieces. The turbot, when done, is piled up at the last moment on a remove dish, covered with a folded napkin and garnished round with sprigs of fresh parsley.

The value of the book would be greatly enhanced by a good glossary.

NUREMBERG.*

THE old painters, sculptors, and engravers of Franconia are not, we would hope, wholly unconscious of the kind attention they are obtaining in the nineteenth century from the literature of

* *The History of the Life of Albrecht Dürer of Nürnberg; with a Translation of his Letters and Journal, and some Account of his Works.* By Mrs. Charles Heaton. London: Macmillan & Co. 1870.

Adam Kraft and his School, 1490 to 1507; being a Collection of his Sculptures still extant in Nürnberg and its Vicinity. With 60 Illustrations on Wood, accompanied with Text by Fr. Wanderer. Nürnberg: J. J. Schrag. London: Williams & Norgate.

Die Sammlungen des Germanischen Museums; Wegweiser. Kataloge des Germanischen Museums; Bauheile und Baumaterialien; Gewebe und Stiche-reien etc.

Europe. Within the last few months we have received no less than half a dozen publications bearing upon Albert Dürer, Peter Vischer, Adam Kraft, Veit Stoss, and other workers in metal, stone, and wood, whose talents and labours made Nuremberg in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the workshop and the emporium of art industries. First came Mr. W. B. Scott's *Life of Albert Dürer*, already reviewed in our columns. Within a week followed Mrs. Heaton's *Life, Letters, and Journals of Dürer*. Then reached us from Nuremberg a volume, illustrated by sixty woodcuts, devoted to Adam Kraft and his school of art workmen in stone. More recently we have obtained from the Continent a Guide to and Catalogues of the instructive Germanic Museum, arranged in a suppressed Carthusian convent in Nuremberg, a structure pronounced by Professor Lübke to be the most complete of its kind in Germany. By the aid of these biographical sketches and archaeological data, with photographs, etchings, lithographs, and woodcuts, even the untravelled Englishman—if such a being still exist—may picture to himself the old, quaint, deeply-shadowed town of Nuremberg, with its thrifty well-to-do merchants of small wares, who, if never quite equal in station or intellect to the Medici and other commerce-made princes of Italy, were endowed with a common sense, and an honest, rugged character, that grouped well with the gable-roofed picturesque city. With the help of these literary materials may also be realized the art life of mediæval Germany at its chief centre and culminating point—an activity which, as in all other art epochs, was sustained by commercial prosperity, and kept up to a healthful mental pitch by high spirit and honest purpose among the people at large. When the traveller enters the free cities of Augsburg, Ratisbon, and above all Nuremberg, despoiled though they now are of wealth and of commerce, and denuded of art, he naturally strives to master the historic and geographic, not to say the geological, situation. He is placed in the midst of hills guarded by castles, and at his feet run rapid rivulets which drive the clattering mill; he is at the halfway house where commerce halted on its road from the East; a high path among the mountains leads to Venice, and the stream of the Danube conducts to Vienna and Constantinople. Such a region, not lovely like the South, but rugged and austere as the Northern arts of which it was the cradle—such a hill-girt territory, dear as other hill countries to its people, where freedom had to endure a hard fight, where the Reformation first asserted liberty of thought—was the fitting birthplace of Dürer and his contemporaries. To understand Fra Angelico da Fiesole we must dwell on the banks of the Arno; to enter into the spirit of the Umbrian school we must visit Perugia and Urbino; to excuse or to appreciate the savageness of Salvator Rosa we must wander about the wild volcanic mountains of Calabria; and no less needful is it to tarry in Nuremberg and penetrate the hill country of Franconia rightly to realize the German school of the time of Dürer, Vischer, Kraft, and Stoss. Given an artist's race, country, and period, his style may not only be understood, but pretty accurately predicted.

The *Life of Albert Dürer* by Mrs. Heaton, if not a profound, is a readable and pretty work. The narrative flows pleasantly; the history of the times and the portraits of the chief characters are sketched with a light, graceful hand. The pictures, however, are over-coloured; the style is loaded with superlatives, the criticisms assume the form of gushing eulogies. Thus the well-known shrine by Peter Vischer, in the church of St. Sebald, Nuremberg, receives from the lady's pen the following decorative treatment:—"A description of this wonderful tomb can convey any just idea of its luxuriant richness of workmanship. Every minutest portion of it is in itself a charming little work of art—genii, mermaids, lions, fabulous monsters, delightful little boys, and all sorts of strange creatures out of the realms of fancy, spring up at every turn." Writers thus addicted to word-painting dispose of facts according to the effect desired to be produced. If the picture is to be grand, then the grandest epithets are laid on; if a work of art like St. Sebald's Shrine is "wonderful," fancy fills in the description with all possible perfections, and ends by praising defects or finding out what does not exist. The reader is told to admire on the pedestal bas-reliefs of "the various miracles performed by the saint. Once perishing with cold, and finding no fuel in a cottage where he took refuge for the night, he placed an icicle on the fire instead of a fresh log, which immediately burnt as brightly as the best Wallsend coal." We are not informed at what price per ton "the best Wallsend" was then selling. But the writer says that "these and other marvellous deeds of the holy St. Sebald are all pictured by Peter Vischer on his tomb, the whole being cast in bronze with the most exquisite smoothness." "With the most exquisite smoothness," forsooth. That this vigorous piece of metal-work, which like other Nuremberg art is bold in modelling, and in execution rugged and sketchy even to excess, should be extolled as some pretty article in a lady's boudoir for "exquisite smoothness" shows how valueless words become when used to round a sentence pleasantly. In contrast to such indiscriminate praise, Mr. Ruskin says of the Nuremberg churches, "their Gothic is none of it good nor even rich," "the mason's exercises are in the worst possible taste, possessing not even the merit of delicate execution." The calm student will hold himself in balance between the extremes of criticism. The arts of Nuremberg are hybrid, their historic descent is not pure, and sometimes, as in St. Sebald's Shrine, interest attaches to the anomalous intermingling of Gothic and Italian ornament. Such composite products need analysis. Nuremberg calls for careful historic survey. The methods employed by men of science in the classification of languages and races might with

advantage be applied to the analysis and classification of national arts. The bastard Gothic of Nuremberg would thus be reduced to its constituent elements. The student should learn to read the varied art products of the old city as different dialects in one widespread tongue; the language may have grown complex, possibly corrupt; into it were incorporated foreign elements, and yet it preserved idiomatic construction, and a certain local colouring; it served, moreover, as an instrument of expression by which the people of Germany in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries spoke out their ideas of beauty and thoughts about nature.

Graphic descriptions have come down to us of the simple domestic life of the artists of Nuremberg. Peter Vischer and his five sons dwelt harmoniously together under one roof, working at the same trade. For twelve years they all laboured hard upon St. Sebald's Shrine, which still bears the following inscription:—"By Peter Vischer and his five Sons; to the Glory of Almighty God alone, and to the honour of St. Sebald, Prince of Heaven." This pious inscription seems to have been penned not only to the glory of God, but also by way of satire upon niggardly patrons. The artists were so miserably recompensed, that their simple, frugal lives may have arisen not so much from choice as from necessity. Yet the Princes of Germany delighted to honour the old artist in leather apron; whenever the Elector passed through Nuremberg he gave Peter Vischer a call. Similar stories are told of Adam Kraft, the worker in stone, who wrought the "Sacraments-Hauslein" in the church of St. Lawrence. We owe to Professor Wanderer, of the Nuremberg School of Art, a volume of letterpress and woodcuts in elucidation of the life and labours of this hardworking sculptor. It may be objected that these Gothic designs are overloaded and confused, that the style is far from pure; and yet, as in other products of the Nuremberg School, defects are excused for vigour of invention, fertility of resource, and ready adaptation of means to the ends proposed. Art in those times was not too fine for daily use among the common people; and it may be accounted the mission of Vischer, Kraft, and Stoss, themselves of the people, to bring sculpture within reach and view of plain tradesfolk. And thus it happens that, in the town wherein they lived and laboured, the child who draws water at the fountain and the peasant who mourns at the tomb of a friend find themselves in contact with art, not housed or hidden away, but open to the sky in mart and thoroughfare. When these works, now of European renown, were in course of execution, the artists of Nuremberg formed a friendly commonalty. It is related how Adam Kraft and Peter Vischer used frequently to meet on saints' days and holidays to talk over and to advise together upon matters relating to art. And the fraternal feeling extended from the master to his men; thus we learn that Adam Kraft, the chief sculptor of the town, "lived upon a most amiable and agreeable footing with his assistants." No artist of the company was too rich, and possibly none too poor, to share the common fare, though Kraft himself died, probably more from accident than from poverty, in a hospital. His body does not rest among his fellows in the graveyard of St. John; his bier was never borne along the Via Crucis, which his own hand has marked by the twelve stations. Twenty years later all that was mortal of the man who for genius transcended all contemporary artists of the sixteenth century was carried along this Via Dolorosa of Nuremberg to the grave on the other day we read the inscription—"Quidquid Alberti Dureri mortale fuit sub hoc conditur tumulo: emigravit VIII idus Aprilis MDXXVIII."

The story of Dürer's life is pleasantly told in Mrs. Heaton's handsome volume. The authoress points out that the great painter's career was determined not only by his genius but by his antecedents and surroundings. Dürer's father followed art after some fashion, his master Wohlgemuth was a leading painter of the times, his friend Pirckheimer was a merchant prince addicted to literature and art, and Nuremberg his native town was, as we have seen, in process of transforming itself into the chief art-capital of Germany. Dürer, says Mrs. Heaton, "born in another place and at another time, might have been a great poet, a great philosopher, or a great teacher of religion, for all these capabilities lay within him; but born in Nuremberg, in the fifteenth century, he was destined to become the great artist of Germany." The account which follows is copious and nicely coloured rather than marked by novelty or profound insight. The painter's unhappy marriage, his journey to Venice and to the Netherlands, find due place in the narrative. When Dürer returns to his house, which stands in the Dürer Street, his health is broken, his home is far from happy, and his native city is disturbed by religious dissensions. In the Netherlands, while painting Erasmus—the oil picture was never finished—the artist lent a ready ear to the doctrines of the Reformation, and on his return to Nuremberg, when sketching the head of his friend Melancthon, a wavering Protestant faith gained confirmation. Dürer certainly, like Raffaele, in the later years of his life widened his intellectual horizon and obtained freedom and breadth for his art. Raffaele in the full maturity of his powers designed the Cartoons, and Dürer, ripe in experience, painted the Apostles. These crowning works by the two greatest painters in Italy and Germany, who were known to cherish for one another mutual esteem, have analogies in art-style; they reach, moreover, to a large humanity and point to a universal faith. Nuremberg is sadly stripped of the creations of her most illustrious citizen; even these noble pictures of Apostles which Dürer gave to the Rath have been carried to Munich. The portrait of Holzschuher, the best pledge of the artist's power which remains to the town, is, however, still proudly held by the old man's descendants. How far the pic-

turesque city with its castle on the hill and its massive wall-towers wears the same aspect as when Dürer walked the streets seems open to question. Mrs. Heaton, with womanly susceptibilities, prefers what makes the prettiest picture; Mr. Ruskin, on the contrary, mars sentiment by suspicion of modern structures. One thing is certain, that though Nuremberg was among free Imperial cities the first to declare for Luther, she has been the last to retain the art-relics which belong to the banished faith. Down to the present day carved Madonnas stand at the corners of the streets, and crucifixes are set up against the walls of churches and at the gates of cemeteries. "In former days," writes Mrs. Jameson, "when Nuremberg was wealthy and Catholic, and produced and patronized artists, she was called, not inappropriately, the Gothic Athens; now she might almost be styled the Rome of Protestant Germany, so teeming is she with romantic, religious, and artistic interest."

Nuremberg has of late years gained a "Germanic Museum" rich in national metal-work, wood-carving, and decorative sculpture. Such a collection proves that the art-products of the district were not the exclusive creation of a few master minds. The ordinary artisan who won barely his daily bread, and whose name is now wholly forgotten, was able in free play of fancy to throw off in iron, stone, or wood designs all but faultless, whether for beauty or utility. These workmen of Nuremberg seem to have acquired such command over the simple forms of nature that they could without serious premeditation so decorate a common bell-handle with flowers and entwining tendrils as to gain for it now distinction in museums and illustrated catalogues. "Technical education" was, in those days, of a thoroughness which gave to the touch of the graver and the stroke of the hammer sharpness and intentional character. This Nuremberg Museum of Arts and Industries, akin to a sister institution in Munich, has been formed to illustrate the life and the intellectual growth of the German people. Domestic life in Germany of bygone days is here elucidated by useful appliances; religious life by the religious arts; intellectual life by historic literatures; and social, municipal, and national life by badges of public guilds, banners, and trophies. The catalogues of this Germanic exhibition carefully chronicle a collection which we examined when last in Nuremberg with interest and instruction. This national Museum has been rightly planted in the most national of German cities.

ONE MAIDEN ONLY.*

WE have occasionally seen advertised Skeleton Sermons for the use of clergymen. We do not happen ourselves ever to have come across one of these aids to composition, but we can readily imagine what manner of thing they are. That they are extensively used we have but little doubt; for we cannot otherwise account for the extraordinary sameness of the sermons that we happen to hear. However much the words may differ, the topics and the arrangement of the topics, the metaphors and the similes, are almost identical. Who can go into a church on the Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity, and not feel sure that the sermon will prove to be as familiar to him as the collect? What regular church-goer ever passed through an October without hearing a sermon connected with mortality and the fall of the leaf? Can it be that the novelists have imitated the parsons, and that the more enterprising publishers keep a few skeleton novels, which pass from one author to another? Shakspeare, we know, did not take the trouble to invent his plots, and we do not see why authors of our times should be ashamed of imitating him. Shakspeare, however, would have been saved a great deal of labour if political economy had been understood in his day. That each author should have to grope through the old writers in search of a plot is manifestly highly inconvenient and contrary to the principle of the division of labour. It is quite clear that novels can be produced at a far greater rate if one class of writers devote their whole lives to the formation of the plot, and another class to the expansion of the scenes and of the dialogue. Every one is familiar with Adam Smith's illustration of the efficacy of division of labour. We all know that whereas one workman alone could not make twenty pins a day, a few workmen in combination, by each keeping to one process, can produce many thousands. We are inclined to attribute the increasing rate of productiveness in the manufacture of novels to much the same process. At the same time it has not been carried out nearly so far as it might be. If our supposition is correct there are at present but two persons engaged in the manufacture of each novel, one providing the skeleton and the other clothing it with flesh. Can it be the case, however, that whereas in the manufacture of a watch there are at least a hundred distinct branches, in the manufacture of a story there should be only two? We are still in the very infancy of art, in the days of barbarism. Our great-grandchildren will listen with a smile of pity to the account of our rude efforts. They will hear almost with incredulity that our novelists cannot on an average each produce more than one novel in three months. They will not be able to understand how it could be the case that, when we had applied the division of labour to the making of pots and pans, we did not extend it to the making of books. They will point with pride to the productiveness of their own age, and will show that a great publishing house, by following strictly in the footsteps of Adam Smith and

* *One Maiden Only.* By Edward Campbell Tainsh. Author of "St. Alice," "Crowned," &c. 3 vols. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1870.

the pin manufacturer, can get from the authors whom it keeps in its employment an average of a book a week each. It is impossible for us in our ignorance even to imagine the divisions and the subdivisions that will be established in the art of manufacturing books. We can readily see the larger divisions, but the smaller ones can only be discovered by experience. It is not impossible even that the title-making may form a distinct branch of the trade; it is pretty clear that the preface-writing will be divided among two or three trades. But, when our descendants smile at our ignorance, let them not forget that, however far they may have carried these great principles, the first application of them, weak and tentative as it may have been, is due to us. And after all, in all the arts, the greatest credit is due to the man who makes the first step. We may mock the rude carriages of bygone days, but the man who invented the first pair of wheels contributed more than George Stephenson to the invention of the locomotive engine. If our supposition is a correct one, if these skeleton novels really exist, if the author's trade is already divided into at least two distinct branches, then it is we who have made the real invention, and it will be an easy task for our descendants to develop it. When they have pushed the principle to its utmost limits, and are turning out novels as fast as cotton yarn—novels lengthened out and complicated by the hands of a hundred workmen—let them not exult too much in their own superiority, nor mock us when they read our "short but simple annals."

Mr. Tainsh has had, we should imagine, the advantage, or the disadvantage, of consulting two of these skeleton novels. His primary object is evidently to illustrate the correcting influence of suffering. Now every one who is at all familiar with the literature of the age is aware that joint-stock companies break, and young ladies die of consumption, solely in the view of softening some hardened sinner's heart. We ourselves could scarcely sympathize with the outcry against the house of Overend and Gurney. We called to mind, as soon as we heard that it had put up its shutters, how many heroes of our favourite novels had been saved from perdition by the breaking even of a country bank. Nay, moreover, though present ruin had fallen upon them, it had only weighed them down just long enough to purify them. Before long the heroines relented, and, taking pity on their forlorn condition and advantage of the death of rich bachelor godfathers, had made them each happy with a beautiful wife and an income of two or three thousand a year. If a mere country bank, by failing, could cause such wide-spread happiness, what might not a great London house effect? In like manner the Registrar-General's weekly returns of death do not in all cases strike us with equal grief and alarm. Our novelists have taught us that a death by consumption is equally efficacious with the breaking of a bank, in its effects on the heart. We regret indeed to hear of a large mortality by the measles, for we do not remember a single case in which a hero was reclaimed by that somewhat vulgar form of disease. But consumption is quite different; indeed so refined a disease is it that we wonder that our aristocracy condescend to die of anything else. If cod-liver oil be as powerful in stopping its ravages as its discoverer maintains, we do not know that any one has struck a more deadly blow at the morality of the age than Dr. De Jongh. If the heroine does not die of consumption, she has only a choice of two other exits allowed to her. She may die of "a peculiar form of low fever" which the doctors cannot understand—scarlatina and typhus are altogether out of the question—or she may get drowned. If, however, she obstinately declines to die at all, then either some old bank, as we said before, must be sacrificed, or the hero himself must be killed off slowly enough to give him full time to return to his old nature and to be reconciled to his old love. It will at once be clearly understood why it is that the hero is safe from a sudden death. Mr. Tainsh, we are glad to say, is content with twice ruining his hero's fortune, and with twice nearly drowning him in the Bristol Channel, and so can afford to let his heroine have sound lungs. In fact we do not know that it is recorded that she even gave a single suspicious cough in the whole course of her existence. He could not, however, resist the temptation of the low fever, and though his hero was cheaply saved by the loss of 25,000*l.*, he gave him a brother, to fall in love with the young lady to whom it was allotted to die at the age of nineteen. It is in vain that statistics tell us that the average duration of life has been considerably lengthened in the last hundred years. Our authors—who are, we must allow, the most accurate observers of nature—seem to tell us just the reverse. The discrepancy may perhaps be thus explained. Formerly, in a novel, any one was kind enough to die if it was in the least degree convenient to the hero or the heroine that he should die. If matters were at the worst, if the gentleman was wild with frenzy and the lady pale with despair, a messenger suddenly came in with the news that the old squire had broken his neck when hunting; whereupon the parson was at once sent for and the young couple were made happy. But no one ever dreamed of killing off either the hero or the heroine, though the common characters fell fast enough. Now perhaps there is less destruction of the rank and file, but the leaders are swept away at a great rate. The life assurance societies would do well to add one more question to those which they already put to all persons wishing to have their lives assured. They might fairly ask of every one, "Are you, or are you likely to be, a hero or a heroine?" All who answered "Yes" should be put among the more dangerous lives. The hero perhaps might be classed with the ordinary engine-drivers, the heroine with the engine-drivers on a Scotch railway.

Now, if Mr. Tainsh was determined to kill off somebody, we really wish that he had ventured to show a little originality. Why cannot old women die in novels as well as young girls? Or if the exigencies of his story required a maiden to be slain, so that there might be *One Maiden Only*, why could she not have got choked by a fish-bone or run over by a cab? He does not indeed appear to be wanting in either courage or originality, for he has ventured on the daring innovation of substituting the flooding of a mine for the time-honoured breaking of a bank. We do not know why, in the nature of things, the one should not be as efficacious a means of grace as the other. The study of our novels, however, would seem to show that a mine full of water does not touch the human heart nearly so much as a country bank with its shutters up. The hero not only loses his fortune but his character also in the Cornish mine, which indeed plays a very important part in the story, for it had been the ruin of him and his family in order that the story might begin, and it was a second time his ruin in order that the story might end. A very few words will render it clear to the reader in how natural a manner these events are brought to pass. Hartley Leighton, our hero, on leaving the University, finds that the old Walcote mine is worked out, and that he must set about earning his own living. He has the post offered to him of assistant-secretary in an assurance company, at a salary of 120*l.* a year. With that great aptitude for a city life and that familiarity with business which are so characteristic of a man who comes fresh from a University, in a month or two "he became, practically, secretary rather than assistant; business could go on just as well without the secretary." No wonder that "at the end of three months his salary was raised from 120*l.* to 150*l.* a year, a reward never heretofore given until a year's service had been accomplished." As the assistant, however, could not marry the heroine on even 150*l.* a year, we at once felt sure that the secretary's days were numbered. We were relieved, however, to find that he was not killed off to make way for the hero, but merely allowed to resign. Mr. Leighton of course is appointed to the vacant place, and in six months after he left the University finds himself secretary to an assurance society with a salary of 500*l.* a year. There was no reason why he should not have married and lived happily till he died, except that he got this appointment in the middle of the first volume instead of at the end of the third. He quarrels therefore with his patron, who threatens to horsewhip him; and with his patron's son, Giles, whom he drops down an area, though he might, we think, have been content with having "paid back his impertinence with a shaft which would rankle in the pulpy tissues of Giles's mind." As a consequence of these quarrels he resigns his situation, and sets off for California. Here he earns 1,500*l.* in fifteen months at the diggings, and he might have gone on amassing wealth there, had he not happened to read an article in an English newspaper on mining. He learnt that "a new start had been given to English mining by the numerous discoveries of metallic stores about the world, and by the progress of practical geology, and that old mines had been reopened to the joy and profit of their one-time despondent owners." "This idea fell like a spark upon the mouldering irritation of Hartley's mind." He set off for England, consulted some eminent geologists, privately bought up all the shares in the old Walcote Mining Company for 750*l.*, and easily formed a new Company with a paid-up capital of 250,000*l.* He is on the point of selling his own interest in the mine for 25,000*l.* when one morning it is found that "there's a hundred feet of water in the mine and it's rising every hour." No wonder that it is added, "Several of the levels are already full." As the mine was not provided with a single pump, our hero thinks it best to hasten up to London and to conclude the sale at once before the news spreads. He is successful, and finds himself, when only about fifty pages off the end of the third volume, "a scoundrel," but with 25,000*l.* in his grasp. It requires some of Mr. Tainsh's finest writing and a violent storm in the Bristol Channel to reform him in so limited a space. A ship is wrecked, and almost all the crew and passengers are drowned except Hartley. His brother Geoffrey, too, very opportunely remembers an incident of their childhood about an old dog, a book, and a white-handled penknife; Hartley at once becomes a changed man, resigns the 25,000*l.*, and marries the heroine.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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ADVERTISEMENTS.

GOOD FRIDAY AFTERNOON at ST. JAMES'S HALL.—
Mr. JOHN BOOSEY begs to announce a select CONCERT of SACRED MUSIC, at St. James's Hall, on Good Friday Afternoon. To commence at Three o'clock, and terminate at Five o'clock. Artists: Madame Sherrington, Miss Edith Wynne, and Madame Patey; Mr. W. H. Cummings, Mr. Nelson Varley, and Mr. Patey. Musical Organ, Monsieur Lemmens; Pianoforte, Mr. King Hall. The Programme will include a Selection from Mr. Arthur Sullivan's New Overture, "THE PRODIGAL SON." Prices of Admission: Stalls, 5s.; Gallery, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Gallery and Orchestra, 1s.—Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, St. James's Hall; Messrs. Chappell & Co., 50 New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48 Cheapside; A. Hays, 4 Royal Exchange Buildings; and Boosey & Co., Holles Street.

MUSICAL UNION.—TWENTY-SIXTH SEASON.
Tickets and Records have been sent to Members. The latter having Nominations to send Names and Addresses to the Director. New Talent will be introduced during the Season. J. ELLA, 9 Victoria Square.

THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS in WATER-COLOURS.—
THE SIXTY-SIXTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will OPEN on Monday, April 25, at this Gallery, 5 Pall Mall East. Nine till Seven. WILLIAM CALLOW, Secretary.

SIXTH EXHIBITION of HIGH-CLASS WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS is NOW OPEN at Mr. ARTHUR TOOTH'S GALLERY, 5 Haymarket, opposite Her Majesty's Theatre, from Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s. (Catalogue included).

FRENCH GALLERY, 120 Pall Mall.—The SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION of PICTURES, the Contributions of Artists of the French and Flemish Schools, is NOW OPEN.—Admission, 1s. (Catalogue, 6d.).

DORE GALLERY.—GUSTAVE DORE, 35 New Bond Street.
EXHIBITION of PICTURES (including "TRUMPET OF CHRISTIANITY," "BOSSINI," "TITANIA," "FRANCESCA DE RIMINI," &c.), at the New Gallery. Open Ten till Six.—Admission, 1s.

WILL CLOSE APRIL 19.
ELIJAH WALTON'S ALPINE and EGYPTIAN PICTURES.—THE WINTER EXHIBITION NOW OPEN at the Pall Mall Gallery, 48 Pall Mall (Mr. W. M. Thompson's). Admission, 1s.—From Ten till Six.

THE NATIONAL PICTURE of the QUEEN, in her Robes, of Life, Painted (from Sittings recently granted, at Windsor) by LOWES DICKINSON, ON VIEW, from Ten till Six, at Messrs. Dickinson's Galleries, 114 New Bond Street.—Admission by Address Card.

INDIA MUSEUM, India Office, S.W., April 2, 1870.—NOTICE
is hereby Given that, on and after Monday, the 4th inst., the India Museum will be OPEN as follows, viz.: To the General Public on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Saturday in each Week; and on Thursdays to Visitors with Special Cards from Members of the Council of India, and Heads of Departments in the India Office. Entrance in Charles Street. Admission from Noon until Four P.M. from 1st October to 30th April, and until Five P.M. from 1st May to 30th September.
Visitors to the India Office on Fridays are also admitted to the Museum through the Office. J. FORBES WATSON.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The EIGHTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY DINNER of the Corporation will take place in Willis's Rooms, on Wednesday, May 11; the Right Hon. Lord DUFFERIN and CLANDEBOYE, K.P., in the Chair.—The Stewards will be announced in future Advertisements. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Secretary.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.
Incorporated by Royal Charter, for the Relief of Distressed Artists, their Widows and Orphans.
President.—Sir FRANCIS GRANT, P.R.A.

THE FIFTY-FIFTH ANNUAL FESTIVAL, in aid of the Funds of this Charity, will take place on Saturday, the 7th of May, in Willis's Rooms, St. James's, at Six o'clock.

His Grace the Duke of ARGYLL in the Chair.
* * Tickets, including Wines, One Guinea; to be had of the Stewards, and the Assistant-Secretary, from whom all particulars relating to the Institution may be obtained.

JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS, R.A., Hon. Sec.
FREDERIC W. MAYNARD, Assistant-Secretary.

MR. MONCURE D. CONWAY will deliver a DISCOURSE on NIRVANA, the Repose of Buddha, on Sunday Morning, the 10th instant, at South Place Chapel, Finsbury. Service at 11.15.

BABOO KESHU CHUNDER SEN, Leader of the Brahmo-Samaj (Worshippers of the One God) in India, Author of "The True Faith," &c., will PREACH on Sunday Morning, the 17th instant, at South Place Chapel, Finsbury.—The Service will be conducted by Mr. MONCURE D. CONWAY at 11.15.

INSTRUCTION in SCIENCE and ART for WOMEN.—
Mr. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S LECTURES on the THEORY and PRACTICE of VOCAL MUSIC (in continuation of the Course now being delivered) will be given in the LECTURE THEATRE, South Kensington Museum, on Tuesdays and Fridays, at 11 A.M., commencing April 26. Tickets for the Course of Twelve Lectures, 25s.; with Practice, 35s. 6d.; Single Admissions, without Practice, 2s. 6d. each.
Persons who may wish to attend this Course of Lectures are requested to send their Names to the Hon. and Rev. FRANCIS BYKE, Treasurer, South Kensington Museum.

MALVERN COLLEGE.—THE NEXT TERM will commence on Wednesday, May 4.

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The ensuing Term will commence on Thursday, May 5.
For particulars apply to the Secretary, Major GARRARD, the College, Eastbourne.

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DULWICH COLLEGE.—EIGHT SCHOLARSHIPS in the Upper School, of the value of £20 a Year each, will be awarded by an EXAMINATION, to be held at the College, on the 4th and 5th of May next. Candidates must be between Twelve and Fourteen Years of Age, Residents in one of the privileged Districts, or (failing qualified Candidates from those Districts) Boys of the specified Age already attending the School. Further particulars may be obtained from the SCHOOL SECRETARY, Dulwich College, S.E.

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The Master of Christ's Hospital, Abingdon.
The TRUSTEES Give Notice that the SCHOOL-HOUSE of the above School will be open for the reception of BOARDERS on Tuesday, April 26.
The School will be conducted by the Rev. E. SUMMERS, M.A., the Head-Master, assisted by the Rev. E. T. H. HARPER, Second-Master, and a Staff of Assistant-Masters. The School Buildings overlook the Recreation Ground at Abingdon, and have been recently erected by the Trustees, with all modern conveniences adapted to a large School. Although mainly intended for the Inhabitants of Abingdon and its immediate Neighbourhood, Abingdon School offers many Advantages to those who may come from a greater distance. There are Five Scholarships of £20 each at Pembroke College, Oxford, open to all Boys who have been Two Years at the School, and tenable for Five Years. The Education which it is proposed to introduce there will be adapted to the exigencies of the present day as well as to preparation for an Academical Career.
The Head-Master was a Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and in the First Class in the Classical Tripos, and has had considerable experience in Tuition as Assistant-Master at Brighton College.
For Terms and further Particulars, apply to the Rev. E. SUMMERS, Abingdon School.

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EDUCATION of UNIVERSITY STUDENTS DURING the SUMMER MONTHS.
ST. ANDREWS COLLEGE HALL.
J. B. HASLAM, Esq., M.A., Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, Warden.
The SUMMER SESSION of the St. Andrews College Hall (in connection with the University of St. Andrews) will commence on Tuesday, May 10. Students of other Universities may be admitted on the same conditions as St. Andrews Students. Work will be done in Classics, Mathematics, Modern History, and some branch of Natural Science. All particulars as to Board, &c., may be obtained by applying to the WARDEN, or to the TREASURER.
Applications must be made by May 1.
St. Andrews, March 17, 1870.

FOLKESTONE.—The Rev. C. L. ACLAND, M.A. of Jesus College, Cambridge, and Mr. W. J. JEAFFRESON, M.A. of Lincoln College, Oxford, late Principals of the Elphinstone Institution, Bombay, prepare PUPILS for the Indian Civil Service and other Competitive Examinations.—Terms and references on application.

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EDINBURGH ACADEMY.—There will be a Vacancy in the MASTERSHIP of ENGLISH LANGUAGE and LITERATURE in the Edinburgh Academy at the close of the current session. Dr. COLLIER, the present Master, having arranged to undertake the Charge of a New School in Glasgow, and the Directors are now prepared to receive applications for the post. These, accompanied by Twenty Copies of Testimonials, must be lodged with Mr. ALEXANDER BROWN, Clerk to the Directors, 44 North St. David Street, Edinburgh, on or before May 14. Mr. BROWN will also answer all enquiries on the subject. Edinburgh Academy, March 31, 1870.

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April 9, 1870.]

The Saturday Review.

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